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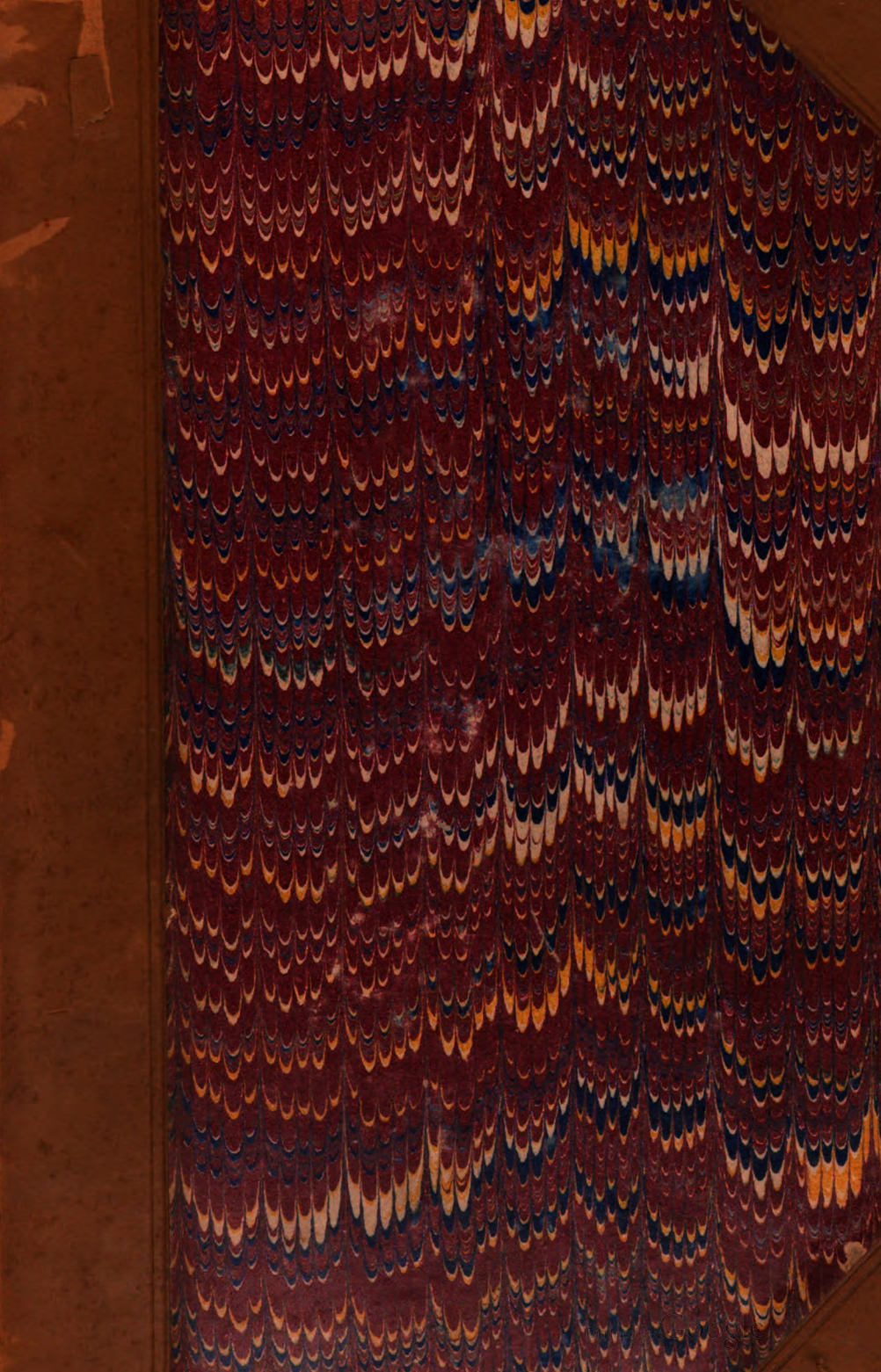

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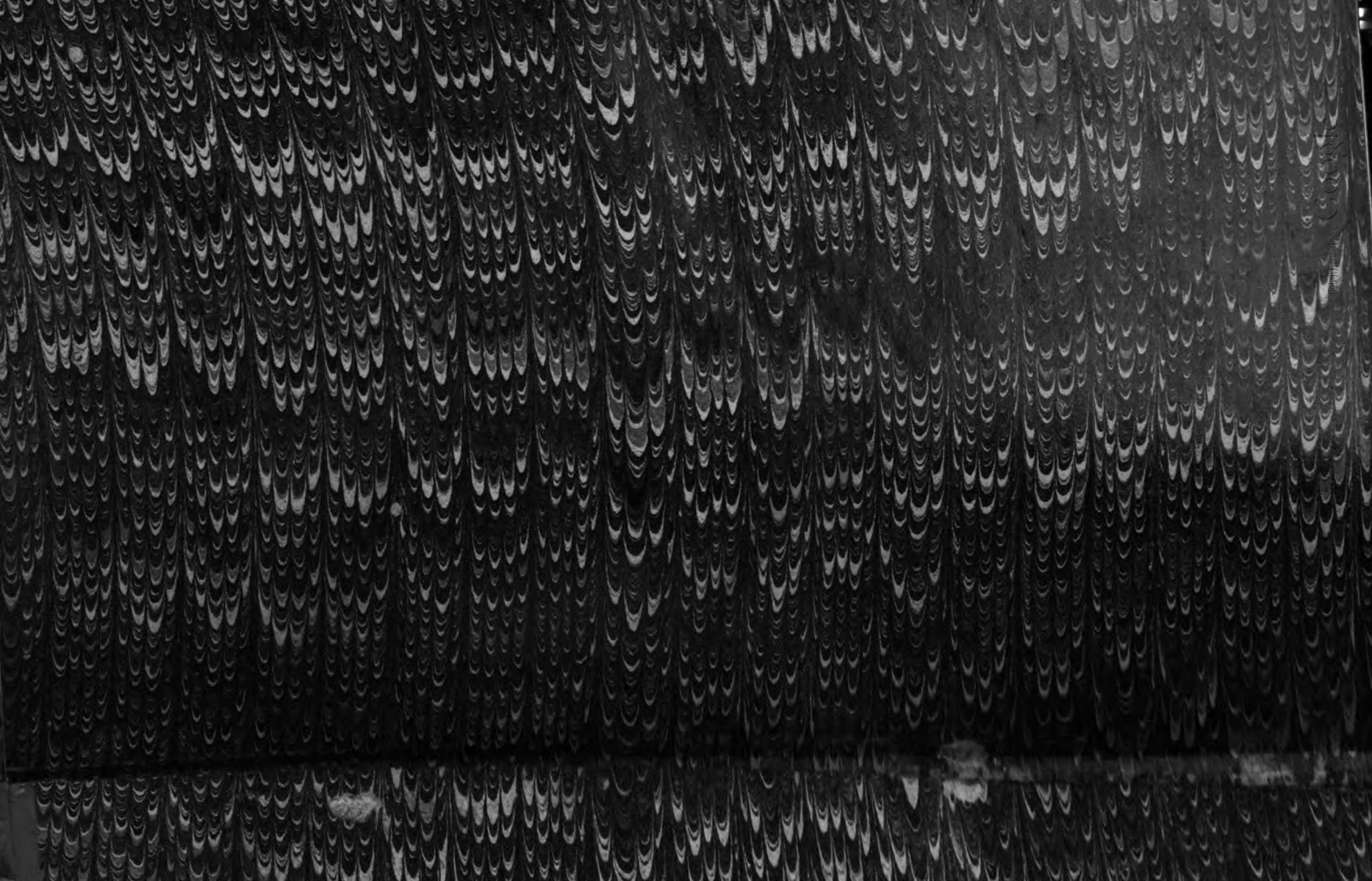

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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN NINE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

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ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA TO VOL. II.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

P. 28. Note omitted. "*hard in the palm of her hand.*"

The folio has "*in the palme of* the *hand*,"—wrongly, as the context shows.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

P. 139. "*and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.*"

The Cambridge Editors print, with the old eds.,

"—— *with that I came; which is*," &c.;

and they observe in a note, "The same construction, i. e. the non-repetition of the preposition, is found in Marston's *Fawne*, act i. sc. 2 (vol. ii. p. 24, ed. Halliwell), 'With the same stratagem we still are caught.'"

A friend remarks; "If, according to the Cambridge Editors, 'the construction be the same,' Beatrice must be understood as saying, 'let me go with that I came *with*,'—which would amount to an entreaty to Benedick to let her go without being either robbed or ravished."

P. 149. Note 21. "Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads 'importable.'"

So says Mr. Collier in his *Notes and Emendations*, &c., 1852 and 1853, and in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, 1858 (where he adopts that reading); but in the *Notes and Emendations* appended to Coleridge's *Seven Lectures*, &c., 1856, Mr. Collier makes the Corrector read "unportable." After all, the difference is hardly worth mentioning, as both words are decidedly wrong.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

P. 187. "*A whitely wanton with a velvet brow*,"

The Cambridge Editors print "*A* wightly *wanton*," &c.; explaining "wightly" to mean "nimble." But I agree with Mr. W. N. Lettsom, who observes to me; "I have no doubt that here '*whitely*' is the right reading, and that it means *sallow, without colour*, having a 'cheek of cream,' which Shakespeare associates with black hair, eyes, and eyebrows in *As you like it*, act iii. sc. 5;

> "'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
> Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,' &c."—

And see in my note *ad l.* an example of the word "*whitely*-faced."

P. 194. "Hol. *Of piercing a hogshead!*"

The Cambridge Editors print "*Hol.* Piercing a hogshead!" under the idea that "the word 'Of,' which in the original Ms. was part of the stage-direction [prefix] 'Holof.,' has crept into the text." This is a very ingenious mode of accounting for a word which certainly would be better away: but (the prefixes to speeches in early plays being always much contracted) the prefix "Holof." never occurs either in the quarto or the folio ed. of this comedy; it is always abbreviated to "*Hol.*;" and what makes still more against the hypothesis of the Cambridge Editors is the fact, that to the present speech both the quarto and the folio prefix "Nath."

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P. 208. "Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*
Hol. *Bone!—bone* for *bene:* Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve."

The Cambridge Editors print

"*Nath. Laus Deo,* bene *intelligo.*
Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian! *a little scratched, 'twill serve.*"

I can conceive nothing more unlikely than that Holofernes should call Nathaniel "Priscian," and that he should not (to use the words of the Editors in their note) "admit his perfect accuracy," even when poor Nathaniel is guiltless of any blunder. Besides, French sounds rather oddly from the mouth of Holofernes.

P. 226. "fortuna della guerra."

Read, with Theobald, "*fortuna* de la *guerra*" (Armado being a Spaniard).

P. 242. Note 38.

For "(with the quarto) '*thin* belly's *doublet*'" read "(with the quarto) '*thin*bellies *doublet.*'"

P. 244. Note 56.

"The old eds. have 'annothanize,'" &c. I ought to have mentioned that the word was rightly altered in the second folio to "anatomize."

P. 251. Note 112.

In the quotation from *King John*, for "*stiffle*" read "*stifle.*"

P. 257. Note 165.

"Here the modern editors, with the exception of Capell," &c. I ought to have added "and of the Cambridge Editors."

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

P. 356. Note omitted. "*If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not*
As to thy friend ——"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "*As to thy* friends,"—in opposition to the context.

P. 418. Note 15. "Hanmer and Walker read 'godly.'"

But that alteration was originally made by Rowe.

P. 420. Note 30.

For "(the Bible of 1611 having there the spelling, &c." read "(Tyndale's Bible 1525 or 1526 having there the spelling '*iewes*,' the Bible of 1599 and the Bible of 1629, the spelling '*Jewesse*,'—not to mention other Bibles)."

P. 423. Note 56. "till Steevens restored 'Salerio';"

For "Steevens" read "Capell."—That the Cambridge Editors should find fault with me for not keeping in that scene the old name "Salerio," is no more than might be expected, considering the many monstrous errors of transcribers and printers which they retain, throughout their edition, as the words of Shakespeare: for instance, in the opening scene of *Much ado about Nothing*, they give, with the early copies,

"*Leon.* I learn in this letter that *Don* PETER of Arragon comes this night to Messina . . . . . I find here that *Don* PETER hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by *Don* PEDRO," &c.

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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

FIRST printed in the folio of 1623.—It would appear that this play was acted at Gray's Inn in December 1594; for the following notice in the *Gesta Grayorum** can hardly be referred to any other piece; "After such sports, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was played by the players: so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called *The Night of Errors*," p. 22, ed. 1688. The second notice of it is in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c. 1598, where it is mentioned as Shakespeare's "*Errors*" (see the Memoir of Shakespeare): and from the *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, &c. we learn that it was performed before King James, December 28th, 1604 (see ibid.), on which occasion we may be sure the passage about the "barrenness" of Scotland (act iii. sc. 2) was omitted.—*The Comedy of Errors* is evidently one of our author's earliest contributions to the stage. "The only note of time that occurs in this play is found in the following passage [act iii. sc. 2];

'*Ant. S.* Where *France?*

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her *hair.*'

I have no doubt that an equivoque [first pointed out by Theobald *ad l.*] was here intended, and that, beside the obvious sense, an allusion was intended to King Henry IV. the *heir* of France, concerning whose succession to the throne there was a civil war in that country, from August 1589, when his father was assassinated, for several years. Henry, after struggling long against the power and force of the League, extricated himself from all his difficulties by embracing the Roman Catholic religion at St. Denis, on Sunday the 25th of July 1593, and was crowned King of France in Feb. 1594; I therefore imagine this play was written before that period [written in 1592]. In 1591 Lord Essex was sent with 4000 troops to the French King's assistance, and his brother Walter was killed before Rouen in Normandy. From that time till Henry was peaceably settled on the throne, many bodies of troops were sent by Queen Elizabeth to his aid: so that his situation must then have been a matter of notoriety, and a subject of conversation in England. . . . . I formerly supposed that it [*The Comedy of Errors*] could not have been written till 1596, because the translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus [by W. W., i.e. William Warner], from which the plot appears to have been taken, was not published till 1595. But on a more attentive examination of that translation, I find that Shakespeare might have seen it before publication; for from the printer's advertisement to the reader, it appears that, for some time before, it had been handed about in Ms. among the translator's friends." Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 321. In another place the same commentator remarks: "It has been said that Shakespeare has not taken a single name, line, or word, from the translated *Menæchmi* of Plautus; which may be liter-

* *Gesta Grayorum: or, The History of the High and mighty Prince, Henry Prince of Purpoole, Arch-Duke of Stapulia and Bernardia, Duke of High and Nether Holborn, Marquis of St. Giles and Tottenham, Count Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, Kentish-Town, Paddington and Knights-bridge, Knight of the most Heroical Order of the Helmet, and Sovereign of the Same; Who Reigned and Died, A.D.* 1594. *Together with A Masque, as it was presented (by His Highness's Command) for the Entertainment of Q. Elizabeth; who, with the Nobles of both Courts, was present thereat. London, &c.* 1688, 4to.

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ally true, but is not easily reconcilable to an observation made by Mr. Steevens, in which he seems to think that our author's description of the cheating mountebanks and pretended conjurers who infested Epidamnum [see the concluding speech of act i.] was taken from thence. The truth, however, is, that he had no occasion to consult Warner's translation of the *Menæchmi* for this or any other purpose; for it is extremely probable that he was furnished with the fable of the present comedy by a play on a similar subject, from which he might have derived the very description above alluded to; and there also he might have found the designations of *surreptus* and *erraticus*, of which some traces are exhibited in the original copy of this play. [In the folio of 1623, act i. sc. 2, we have "Enter Antipholis *Erotes*," i.e. Antipholus of Syracuse (again in act ii. sc. 2, "Enter Antipholis *Errotis*"), and in act ii. sc. 1, "Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis *Sereptus*," i.e. Antipholus of Ephesus.] Of this piece no mention is made in any dramatic history that I have seen, nor in any of the fugitive pamphlets of ancient days; but the notice concerning it which I discovered not long after my former edition of these plays was published, furnishes us with decisive evidence on this subject; for the piece in question was acted before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1576-7, when our poet was in his thirteenth year. In the *Historical Account of the English Stage* [by Malone] may be found a list of the various performances exhibited before her Majesty during the Christmas festivities of the year above mentioned, among which is the following piece:

"'*The Historie of Error*, shewn at Hampton Court on New yeres daie at night [1576-7], enacted by the children of Pawles.' [See Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 387.]

As the dramas acted by the singing boys of St. Paul's Cathedral were generally founded on classical stories, it may be presumed that this ancient piece was in a good measure founded on the comedy of Plautus; and doubtless thus the fable was transmitted to Shakespeare." *Prelim. Remarks on The Comedy of Errors.* The same piece was played at Windsor on Twelfth-Night 1582-3; "*A Historie of Ferrar* [read *A Historie of Error*], shewed before her Matie at Wyndesor, on Twelf daie at night, enacted by the Lord Chamberlaynes servaunts," &c.: see Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 406. (Warner's translation of the *Menæchmi* is reprinted by Steevens among *Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded*, &c., 1779.)

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS* of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } and Æmilia.
DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and attendants on the two
DROMIO of Syracuse, } Antipholuses.
BALTHAZAR, a merchant.
ANGELO, a goldsmith.
First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.
PINCH, a schoolmaster.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, her sister.
LUCE, servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Ephesus.*

* In the folio this name is spelt both "Antipholis" and "Antipholus." I may notice that the only form in ancient authors is "*Antiphilus.*"

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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A hall in the* Duke's *palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born[1]
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levièd,
To quit the penalty and ransom him.[2]
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

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Æge. Yet this my comfort,[3]—when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too,[4] had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,[5]
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself—almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear—
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrivèd where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman[6] was deliverèd
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon
We came aboard!
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;

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For what obscurèd light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly[7] have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this[8] it was,—for other means was none:—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discoverèd
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship[9] was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike

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What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdenèd
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, the other[10] ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortune[11] was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrow'st for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee[12] till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and impórtun'd me
That his attendant—for[13] his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,—
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,—
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

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But, though thou art adjudgèd to the death,
And passèd sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:(14)
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not,(15) then thou art doom'd to die.—
Gaoler, now take him to thy custody.(16)

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, *and* First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.

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What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you[17] till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.—
Here comes the almanac of my true date.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,—
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray,—
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper:—
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:

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Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,(18)
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir! why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

[*Beating him.*

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other

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The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguisèd cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:[19]
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before the house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.[20]
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingèd fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

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Lords[21] of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some otherwhere?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully,[22] thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

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Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand[23] marks in gold:
"'Tis dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:
"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:
"Will you come home?"[24] quoth I; "My gold," quoth he;
"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"
"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold," quoth he:
"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master:
"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress."
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home!
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*
Luc. Fie, how impatience low'reth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault,—he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found

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By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayèd fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy,—fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,(25)
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamellèd
Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still,
That others touch, yet often-touching will
Wear gold: and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.(26)
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart.—See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

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Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jet upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.(27)
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspéct,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.

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Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being,[28] as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men[29] in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.[30]

Ant. S. For what reason?

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Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.[31]

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming;[32] the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time[33] to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.[34]
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estrangèd from thyself?[35]
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,

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As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the grime of lust:(36)
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonourèd.(37)

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio!

Dro. S. By me!

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compáct?

Dro. S. I, sir! I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity

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To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband,—I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger[38] state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. [*aside*] To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.[39]

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—O spite of spites!—
We talk with none but goblins, owls, and sprites:[40]
If we obey them not, this will ensue,—
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone,[41] thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformèd, master, am not I?[42]

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—

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Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. [*aside*] Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay;
And let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;[43]
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

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I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here!

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jin!

Dro. S. [*within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou cónjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*within*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore! for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. [*within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name!
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

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If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.(44)

Luce. [*within*](45) What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*within*] Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!—
Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*within*] Have at you with another; that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?(46)

Luce. [*within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*within*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help:—well struck! there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*within*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*within*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [*within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

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Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold:[47]
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*within*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much "out upon thee!" I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in:—go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather,—master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,[48]
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in

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Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposèd by the common rout
Against your yet ungallèd estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housèd where it gets possession.
Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth,[49] mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter, from the house, LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.[50]

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?[51]
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;

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Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managèd;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but[52] believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.[53]
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's[54] flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them,[55] and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drownèd if she sink![56]

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Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where[57] you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.[58]
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit.*

Enter, from the house, DROMIO of Syracuse *running.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

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Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say "sir-reverence." I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean,—a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why she sweats;[59] a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters,[60] that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of her hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.[61]

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

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Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,(61*) and
my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn
i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently post to the road:—
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:—
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Re-enter ANGELO *with the chain.*

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

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Ang. I know it well, sir:—lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.

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Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.
Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's-end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her[62] confederates
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But, soft! I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit.*
Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
You promisèd your presence and the chain;[63]
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.
Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
Ant. E. No;
Bear't with you, lest I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

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Ant. E. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he impórtunes me;—the chain!—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.(64)

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whêr you'll answer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave't you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do;—
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

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Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then she bears away.(65) Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:(66)
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone.—
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in the house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye

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That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merry?[67]
What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's[68] meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformèd, crookèd, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.[69]
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting[70] garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury,[71] pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff;

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A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But 'is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit Luciana.*
That[72] he, unknown to me, should be in debt.—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing,—
A chain, a chain:—do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell:—'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be[73] in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an[74] hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA *with the purse.*

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy;—
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.—What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?(75)

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a bob,(76) and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you

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hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessèd power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn me;" that's as much as to say,(77) "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.(78)

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid thee, fiend![79] what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I cónjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

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Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.
Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch!—Come, Dromio, let us go.
Dro. S. "Fly pride," says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*
Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,—
Besides this present instance of his rage,—
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and the* Officer.(80)

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—
Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus *with a rope's-end.*

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?
Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.
Ant. E. But where's the money?

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Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E.[80*] I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.—I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and* PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather, to prophesy like the parrot,[81] "Beware the rope's-end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

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Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

[*Striking him.*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I cónjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressèd soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. I[82] din'd at home!—Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour[83] of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, mistress,[84] not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

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Dro. E. God and the rope-maker now[85] bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?—
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damnèd pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out those[86] false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company!—The fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Enter three or four, who assist PINCH *in binding* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.

Ant. E. What, will you murder me?—Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.—
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

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Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, "The devil!"

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt Pinch and Assistants with Ant. E. and Dro. E.*

Say now whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had 't not.

Cour. Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse *with their rapiers drawn.*(87)

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away! they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Officer.*

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence: I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you see(88) they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before an abbey.*

Enter Second Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I'm sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to[89] me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee:[90]
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

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Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.—
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory:—in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. into the abbey.*

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Sec. Mer. I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much much different[91] from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love,—
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

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At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanc'd at[92] it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom-clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,—
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at her heels a huge infectious troop[93]
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough-rude and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have us'd th' approvèd means I have,

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With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death[94] and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, *attended; ÆGEON bareheaded; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May't please your grace, Antipholus my husband,—
Who I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—

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With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strange escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with[95] his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.—
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singe'd off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, the while[96]
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;

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And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scotch your face,[97] and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing.—Guard with halberds!

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abusèd and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault.—Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befal my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman!—They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advisèd what I say;
Neither disturbèd with th' effect of wine,

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Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
They left me[98] and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,

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That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?
Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.
Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.
Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain. So help me heaven
As this is false you burden me withal![99]
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?
Dro. E. Sir,
He din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither.—
[*Exit an Attendant.*
I think you are all mated or stark mad.
Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.
Æge. I'm sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

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For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with Time's deformèd hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?[100]
Though now this grainèd face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp[101] some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st t' acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

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Re-enter Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not,[102] thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—[103]
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.—
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

Dro. E. And I with him.

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Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renownèd uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—[*To Luc.*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man;
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these errors all arose.(104)
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renownèd duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursèd all our fortunes;—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathizèd one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden ne'er deliverèd.—(105)
The duke, my husband, and my children both,

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And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and joy with me;
After so long grief, such felicity![106]

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, Sec. Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I go fetch[107] your stuff from ship-board?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me.—I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E., Adr. and Luc.*

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:—
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

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P. 5. (1) "*Nay, more, if any born at Ephesus*
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born"

In the second of these lines the folio has "*Be seene at* any *Siracusian*," &c. (the "any" having been inserted by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor, whose eye had caught it in the preceding or in the following line); and so Malone and others, *though the passage had been long ago set right.*—To my surprise, I find that Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 269) would read and arrange thus;

"*Nay, more:*
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any *Syracusian marts and fairs*," &c.

P. 5. (2) "*and ransom him.*"

The folio has "*and* to *ransome him.*"

P. 6. (3) "*Yet this my comfort,*"

Here perhaps, as is suggested by Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 85), "*this*" ought to be printed "this'," the contraction for "this is"; which the folio has in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

P. 6. (4) "*too,*"

Was added in the second folio.

P. 6. (5) "*And the great care of goods at random left,*"

So Theobald (a correction which Malone gives as his own).—The folio has "*And* he *great care of goods at* randone *left.*"—The editor of the second folio substituted "*And* he *great* store *of goods at* randone leaving." (Though here the folio has the old form "randone," it has in *The Two Gent. of Verona*, act ii. sc. 2, "I writ at *randome*," &c.)

P. 6. (6) "*A meaner woman*"

The folio has "*A* meane *woman.*"—The second folio has "*A* poor meane *woman.*"—"The word '*poor*' was added to complete the metre in the second folio. It is manifest that some word was omitted by the compositor of the original copy; but the word supplied by the second folio can hardly be the author's word, for in the next line but one we have 'for their parents were exceeding *poor*'." MALONE.—"Read 'A *meaner* woman'; one of a lower rank than my wife." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii, p. 54.

P. 7. (7) "*gladly*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "gently."

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P. 7. (8) "*this*"

"Read '*thus*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 24.

P. 7. (9) "*borne upon,*
Our helpful ship"

The folio has "*borne* vp," &c.; the second folio "*borne* up *upon*," &c.—Rowe altered "*helpful*" to "helpless"; Mr. Swynfen Jervis would substitute "hopeful."

P. 8. (10) "*the other*"

The folio has "another."—Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 8. (11) "*misfortune*"

The folio has "misfortunes."

P. 8. (12) "*What hath befall'n of them and thee*"

The folio has "*What* haue *befalne of them and* they."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 8. (13) "*for*"

The folio has "so."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 9. (14) "*To seek thy life by beneficial help:*"

The folio has "*To seeke thy* helpe *by beneficiall helpe.*"—Steevens suggested "*To seek thy* help *by beneficial* means."—Mr. Collier formerly proposed and now reads (with his Ms. Corrector) "*To seek thy* hope *by*," &c.—Mr. Singer's emendation is "*To seek thy* fine *by*," &c.; Mr. Swynfen Jervis's "*To seek thy* weal *by*," &c.—I adopt (with some hesitation) the reading of Pope, which Theobald and Hanmer retained; which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 277) thinks is perhaps right; and which Mr. Grant White thus supports; "The Duke says, 'though thou art adjudged to the *death*, yet will I favour thee; . . . therefore I'll limit thee this day to seek thy'—what? With what other word than 'life' could he fitly close his sentence?"—(Steevens foolishly objects to the present reading, because the expression *to seek thy life* may also be found in the sense of—*to endeavour to take away thy life.*)

P. 9. (15) "*not,*"

The folio has "no"; a stark error (though defended by Malone).

P. 9. (16) "*Gaoler, now take him to thy custody.*"

Here "*now*" is the addition of Hanmer and of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Capell reads "So, *gaoler, take,*" &c.—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 153) proposes "Go, *gaoler, take,*" &c.

P. 10. (17) "*consort you*"

Perhaps Shakespeare wrote "*consort* with *you.*"

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P. 11. (18) "*clock*,"

The folio has "cooke."

P. 12. (19) "*liberties of sin*:"

Hanmer printed "libertines *of sin*"; and so reads Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; —very improperly, I think.

P. 12. (20) "*takes it ill*."

The folio has "*takes it* thus."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 13. (21) "*Men, more divine, the masters of all these,*
Lords"

The folio has

"Man *more diuine, the* Master *of all these,*
Lord."

P. 13. (22) "Luc. *Spake he so doubtfully*,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*doubtfully*" to "doubly" both here and in Dromio's reply.

P. 14. (23) "*a thousand*"

The folio has "*a* hundred."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 14. (24) "'*Will you come home?*'"

Here the word "*home*" happens to have dropt out from the folio: and, though the line is unmetrical without it, and though it has been thus reiterated by Dromio in the scene (pp. 10, 11) which he is now describing,—"you come not *home*,"—"strike you *home*,"—"*home* to your house,"—"*home* to dinner,"—Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier are agreed that there is no necessity for its insertion.

P. 15. (25) "*Would that alone alone he would detain*,"

So the second folio; and rightly: compare our author's *Lucrece*; "But I *alone alone* must sit and pine," &c.—The first folio has "*Would that alone*, a lone *he would detaine*."

P. 15. (26) "*I see the jewel best enamellèd*

. . . . . .

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame."

The folio has

"*I see the Iewell best enamaled*
Will loose his beautie: yet the *gold bides still*
That others touch, and *often touching will*,
Where *gold and no man that hath a name*,
By *falsehood and corruption doth it shame*."

I give the passage as amended by the ingenuity of several editors: that they have restored the very words of Shakespeare, I must greatly doubt.

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P. 16. (27) "*Your sauciness will jet upon my love,*
And make a common of my serious hours."

The folio has "*Your sawcinesse will* iest *vpon*," &c.,—an error partly occasioned perhaps by the occurrence of the word "jest" both in the preceding speech and towards the close of the present one.—The second line so obviously leads to the correction which I have now made, that I wonder how it escaped the commentators. Compare *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 1;

"and think you not how dangerous
It is to *jet upon* a prince's right?"

Richard III. act ii. sc. 4;

"Insulting tyranny begins to *jet*
Upon the innocent and aweless throne."

and *Sir Thomas More* (a play edited by me for the Shakespeare Society); "It is hard when Englishmens pacience must be thus *jetted on* by straungers," &c. p. 2.

P. 16. (28) "*of hair, being*"

Capell prints "*of hair* to men, *being*."

P. 17. (29) "*men*"

The folio has "them."

P. 17. (30) "*jollity.*"

Mr. Staunton conjectures "policy."

P. 18. (31) "*falsing.*"

Heath proposed "falling;" which Mr. Grant White adopts.

P. 18. (32) "*trimming;*"

So Rowe.—The folio has "trying."—The usual modern alteration is (Pope's) "tiring."

P. 18. (33) "*namely, no time*"

So the second folio.—The folio has "*namely*, in *no time*" (out of which Malone makes the ridiculous lection, "*namely*, e'en *no time*," and Mr. Grant White the odd one, "*namely*, is *no time*").

P. 18. (34) "*carv'd to thee.*"

"Qu. '*carv'd thee.*' Besides that '*carv'd to thee*' makes the verse drag, Shakespeare, as I have observed elsewhere, in his earlier plays eschews the trisyllabic ending altogether." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 24, by Walker, who (p. 25) cites from Beaumont and Fletcher "*carve her*" and "*carve him*," and from Day "*carves thee.*"—Here some of the earlier editors threw out "*to thee.*"

P. 18. (35) "*How comes it now* . . . . .
That thou art thus estrangèd from thyself?"

So Rowe and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*That thou art* then *estranged from thyselfe?*"

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P. 19. (36) *"I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;*
My blood is mingled with the grime of lust:"

The folio has "—— *with the* crime *of lust.*"—"Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot* in the preceding line, show that we should read '—— with the *grime* of lust,' i.e. the *stain*, smut. So again in this play [p. 28] "a man may go over shoes in the *grime* of it'." WARBURTON. Our early printers often confounded the letters *c* and *g* at the beginning of words.

P. 19. (37) *"I live unstain'd, thou undishonourèd."*

The folio has "*I liue* distain'd," &c.,—the Ms. having had "*vn*stain'd", and the original compositor having mistook the initial *v* for a *d*. Indeed, the proneness of printers to blunder in words beginning with *v* is very remarkable. In our author's *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 1, the folio has

"Some run from brakes of *Ice* [instead of "vice"], and
answere none," &c.:

at the commencement of Marlowe's *Faustus*, the quarto of 1604 has

"Nor in the pompe of prowd audacious deedes
Intends our Muse to *daunt* [the later quartos "vaunt"]
his heauenly verse:"

in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, act i. sc. 1, both folios have

"If that the least puffe of the rough Northwinde
Blast our *times* [read "vines'"] burthen," &c.;

in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, act ii. sc. 4,

"And run like molten gold through euery *sin* [read "vein"]," &c.;

in their *Honest Man's Fortune*, act iv. sc. 1,

"But 'tis a *due* [the Ms. in my possession "vice"] in him
that to that end
Extends his loue or duty;"

and in their *Little French Lawyer*, act i. sc. 2, the first folio has

"Would she make *rise* [instead of "vse;" the second folio has
"use"] of't so, I were most happy:"

when Weber published,—from a Ms. which is now mine,—*The Faithful Friends*, a drama attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher, he gave, in act iii. sc. 3,

"The chief part I must play, and till my *bones*
And sinews crack," &c.,—

the reading of the Ms. "vaines" (where the tall *v* looks, at the first glance, very like a *b*) having been mistaken for "*bones*:" and, to conclude, in Lewis's *Monk*, vol. iii. 72, first ed., we find; "Thus saying, she continued her course to the street-door, which she opened; and without allowing herself time to throw on her *oil* [read "veil"], she made the best of her way to the Capuchin abbey."

P. 20. (38) *"stronger"*

The folio has "stranger."—Corrected in the fourth folio.

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P. 20. (39) "*the offer'd fallacy.*"

The folio has "*the* free'd *fallacie.*"

P. 20. (40) "*We talk with none but goblins, owls, and sprites:*"

The folio has "*We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights,*"—the line being undoubtedly mutilated; and I have inserted the words "*none but*" in consequence of finding in a speech of Antipholus of S., p. 29,

"There's *none but* witches do inhabit here."—

The editor of the second folio printed

"*We talke with Goblins, Owles and* Elves *Sprights;*"

out of which Rowe, in his sec. ed., made

"*We talk with goblins, owls, and* elvish *sprites;*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,

"*We talk with goblins, owls, and* elves and *sprites;*"

and Theobald,

"*We talk with goblins,* ouphs, *and* elvish *sprites.*"—

Mr. W. N. Lettsom (who is as much opposed to the "*owls*" as Theobald) conjectures (note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 17),

"*We talk with* ghosts and *goblins,* elves *and sprites.*"

P. 20. (41) "*drone,*"

The folio has "Dromio."—Corrected by Theobald.

P. 20. (42) "*am not I?*"

The folio has "*am* I not?"—Corrected by Theobald.

P. 21. (43) "*Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;*"

See note (1) on *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*

P. 23. (44) "*for an ass.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*for* a face."

P. 23. (45) "Luce [within]."

Here the folio has "Enter LUCE," and, a little after, "Enter ADRIANA;" which may lead us to suspect that both maid and mistress appeared on the balcony termed *the upper stage,* though they undoubtedly were supposed not to see the persons at the door.

P. 23. (46) "*I hope?*"

"A line following this has, I believe, been lost, in which the speaker threatened Luce with the corporal correction of a rope, which might have furnished the rhyme now wanting. In a subsequent scene he puts the threat which I

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imagine was made here into execution, by ordering Dromio to go and buy a rope's-end, adding,

'that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates.'

Mr. Theobald and all the subsequent editors read, without any authority, 'I *trow*;' for the purpose of making out a triplet: but that word and '*hope*' were not likely to be confounded by either a transcriber or a compositor." MALONE.

P. 24. (47) "*Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold:*"

The folio has "*Your cake* here *is warme within*," &c.,—a mistake plainly arising from the occurrence of "*here*" in the second part of the line.

P. 24. (48) "*of her wisdom,*"

The folio has "*of* your *wisdome*;" and in the next line but one "*on* your *part.*"

P. 25. (49) "*mirth,*"

Was altered by Theobald to "wrath."

P. 25. (50)

"Enter, from the house, LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse."

In my first edition I gave here "SCENE II. A street near the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus. Enter LUCIANA," &c.,—wrongly; for I now have no doubt that Luciana and Ant. of S. were supposed to enter *from the door* of the house as soon as the stage had been left vacant by the departure of Antipholus of E. and his companions.—Here the folio has "*Enter* Iuliana," &c., and prefixes "Iulia." to the speech that follows.—The former of these errors is corrected in the second folio.

P. 25. (51) "*shall, Antipholus,*

. . . . . .
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?"

So Capell.—The folio has "*Shall loue in* buildings *grow so* ruinate?"—Theobald printed

"*shall, Antipholis,* hate

. . . . . .
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?"

and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes a still bolder alteration.

P. 26. (52) "*but*"

The folio has "not."

P. 26. (53) "*Far more, far more to you do I decline.*"

Here, in conformity to the more usual phraseology, Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "incline" for "*decline.*"—Compare (among other passages which might be cited in support of the original text); "That the loue of a father,

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as it was royall, so it ought to be impartiall, neither *declining* to the one nor to the other, but as deeds doe merite." Greene's *Penelope's Web*, sig. G 4, ed. 1601.

P. 26. (54) "*sister's*"

The folio has "sister."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 26. (55) "*And as a bed I'll take them,*"

The folio has "*And as a* bud *Ile take* thee."—The editor of the second folio altered "bud" to "*bed*"; and Edwards first proposed to substitute "*them*" for "thee."—In my former edition I gave "*And as a* bride *I'll take* thee" (a reading which occurred to me long before it appeared in Mr. Staunton's *Shakespeare*); but I am now convinced that it is wrong.

P. 26. (56) "*Let Love, being light, be drownèd if she sink!*"

Malone has remarked that here, as in some other places, Shakespeare uses *Love* for the Queen of love.—Compare Marlowe's *Ovid's Elegies* (B. i. *El.* x.);

> "*Love* and *Love's* son are with fierce arms at odds."
> ("Nec *Venus* apta," &c.) *Works*, p. 321, ed. Dyce, 1858.—

Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 274) would read "*Let Love* be light, being *drownèd if she sink.*"

P. 27. (57) "*where*"

The folio has "when."

P. 27. (58) "*I aim thee.*"

Capell's correction.—The folio has "*I* am *thee.*"

P. 28. (59) "*for why she sweats;*"

The folio has "*for why? she sweats*"; and the interrogation-point is retained in most modern editions,—very erroneously, since *for why* is equivalent to *because, for this reason that.*—Compare our author elsewhere;

> "*For why* the fools are mad, if left alone."
> *The Two Gent. of Verona*, act iii. sc. 1.

> "*For why* the senseless brands will sympathize
> The heavy accent of thy moving tongue," &c.
> *Richard II.* act v. sc. 1.

(where the folio has an interrogation-point after "*why*").—So also in the following passages;

> "But let me see; what time a day is't now?
> It cannot be imagin'd by the sunne,
> *For why* I haue not seene it shine to daie," &c.
> *A Warning for Faire Women*, 1599. sig. E 4.

> "Thomas kneele downe; and, if thou art resolu'd,
> I will absolue thee here from all thy sinnes,
> *For why* the deed is meritorious."
> *The Troublesome Raigne of King John* (*Part Sec.*), sig. I 2, ed. 1622.

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P. 28. (60) "*but her name and three quarters,*"

The folio has "*but her name* is *three quarters.*"

P. 28. (61) "*armed and reverted, making war against her hair.*"

In this quibbling passage (which alludes to the war of the League against Henry IV., the *heir* of France), the spelling of the second folio, "*hair,*" is evidently required.—The first folio has "heire."—Here Mr. Grant White pronounces "*reverted*" to be a misprint, and changes it to "revolted."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 26) says, "I have little or no doubt that the *geographical* part of this dialogue is spurious."

P. 29. (61*) "*faith,*"

Hanmer prints "flint,"—a highly probable alteration.

P. 31. (62) "*her*"

The folio has "their."

P. 31. (63) "*You promisèd your presence and the chain;*"

The folio has "I *promised,*" &c.—Compare, in the next page, "*Your breach of promise* to the Porpentine."

P. 32. (64) "*send me by some token.*"

Heath proposed what Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives, "*send* by me *some token.*" But it appears from various passages in our early writers that "to send a person *by a token*" was a common-enough phrase.

P. 33. (65) "*And then she bears away.*"

The folio has "*And then* sir *she beares away*": which was altered in the second folio to "*Then* sir *she beares away.*"

P. 33. (66) "*You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:*"

So Steevens.—The folio omits "*sir.*"—(Malone prints "*You sent me for a* ropes *end as soon,*"—asserting that "ropes" is here *the Saxon genitive case!*)

P. 34. (67) "*merry?*"

The folio has "merrily."—"The twelve-syllable line, if I mistake not, nowhere occurs in Shakespeare, except under certain circumstances, which do not exist here. Perhaps he wrote *merry.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 115.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also reads "*merry.*"

P. 34. (68) "*Of his heart's*"

The folio has "Oh, *his hearts.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 34. (69) "*sweet, now, make haste.*"

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*sweet*" to "swift" (as he also does in *Troilus and Cressida,* act iii. sc. 3); which very erroneous alterations Mr.

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Collier would not, I presume, have thrust into the text, if he had recollected that "*Sweet, now*, silence!" occurs in *The Tempest*, act iv. sc. 1. (The alteration of "*sweet*" to "swift" which Mr. Collier would make in a passage of Marlowe's *Edward II.* is equally improper; as I have shown in my *Strictures on Mr. Collier's new edition of Shakespeare*, 1858, p. 43.)

P. 34. (70) "*everlasting*"

"As the context is in the ordinary blank-verse, I conclude that Shakespeare wrote '*e'erlasting*'; as in Glapthorne's *Hollander*," &c. Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 83.

P. 34. (71) "*a fury*,"

The folio has "*a* Fairie"; which I now think Johnson vainly endeavours to defend by remarking that "there were fairies like hobgoblins, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous." (Mr. Halliwell endeavours to support the old reading here by adducing from Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* a line which stands thus in the original edition,

"Fiends, *Fairies*, hags that fight in beds of steel,"—

where the context makes it quite evident that "Fairies" is a mistake for "*Furies*": see Peele's *Works*, p. 436, ed. Dyce, 1861.)

P. 35. (72) "*That*"

The folio has "Thus."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 35. (73) "*If Time be*"

The folio has "*If* I *be*."—Malone reads "*If* he *be*."—But I much prefer Rowe's correction, "*Time*." In the Ms. used for the folio, the word (because it had occurred so often just before) was probably written here contractedly, T, which the compositor might easily mistake for "I."

P. 35. (74) "*an*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "any."

P. 36. (75)
"*What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?*"

Theobald printed "*What, have you got* rid of *the picture*," &c.—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare*, 1826) thus explains the original text: "The sergeant is designated by '*the picture of old Adam*' because he wore buff, as Adam wore his native buff; and Dromio asks Antipholus if he had *got* him *new-apparelled*, i.e. got him a new *suit*, in other words, got rid of him." But I would not assert that there is no corruption here.

P. 36. (76) "*a bob*,"

The folio has "*a* sob."—The usual modern reading is "*a* fob."—Mr. Staunton inclines to prefer "*a* sop"; and Mr. Grant White prints "*a* stop."—But the most probable reading is Hanmer's,—"*a bob*" (in the preceding scene Dromio calls the sergeant "a shoulder-clapper").

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P. 37. (77) *"that's as much as to say,"*

The folio has *"thats as much to say."* But in this formula Shakespeare, I believe, never omits the second *"as,"* though he sometimes places it before, sometimes after the verb: compare *Two Gent. of Ver.* act iii. sc. 1; *Much ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 3, act iii. sc. 2; *Twelfth-Night*, act i. sc. 5; *Sec. Part of Henry VI.* act v. sc. 2; and *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4.

P. 37. (78)

"Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon."

The folio has *"Master, if do expect spoon-meate,* or *bespeake a long spoone."*—The editor of the second folio made no alteration except in adding *"you."*—Capell substituted *"so"* for "or."

P. 37. (79) *"Avoid thee, fiend!"*

The folio has *"Auoid* then *fiend;"* which was altered in the fourth folio to *"Avoid* thou *fiend."* But the reading which I give was the more usual expression (even Scott has

"Avoid thee, fiend! with cruel hand
Shake not the dying sinner's sand," &c. *Marmion*, C. vi.).

P. 38. (80) "and the *Officer.*"

The folio has "with a Jailer" (but prefixes *"Offi."* and *"Off."* to his speeches in the scene).—Mr. Collier prints *"and* a Jailor," observing that "This is the old stage-direction; and as Adriana and Antipholus subsequently call him so, there is reason for retaining it, instead of 'an Officer,' as it stands in the modern editions." But Mr. Collier does not perceive into what inconsistency he runs by printing here "a Jailor;" for in the first scene of this act he gives "Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and *an Officer;*" and that the Officer who arrests Antipholus in that scene is the very person who now enters with him is proved by the speech of Antipholus to the Duke, p. 48, "My liege, I am advisèd what I say," &c.

P. 39. (80*) "Dro. E."

Perhaps should be *"Off.,"* as the Cambridge Editors conjecture.

P. 39. (81) *"or rather, to prophesy like the parrot,"*

The folio has *"or rather* the *prophesie like,"* &c.

P. 40. (82) *"I"*

A modern addition.

P. 40. (83) *"vigour"*

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "rigour."

P. 40. (84) *"mistress,"*

The folio has "Master,"—the compositor having been misled by the abbreviation of the word in the Ms. (A little after, the folio has "And gentle *M^r* I receiu'd no gold.")

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P. 41. (85) "*now*"

Added by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and preferable to Pope's addition, "do."

P. 41. (86) "*those*"

The folio has "these."

P. 42. (87)

"Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse* and DROMIO *of Syracuse* with their rapiers drawn."

The folio has "Enter Antipholus Syracusia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Sirac." But compare what follows, "And *come with naked swords*;" and Adriana's speech, p. 47,

"And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, *with drawn swords*," &c.

P. 42. (88) "*you see*"

The folio has "*you* saw." (In old Ms. and books "*see*" and "*saw*" are frequently confounded:—the folio, in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 5, has "But we *see* him dead,"—where the sense positively requires "saw.")

P. 43. (89) "*to*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "with," and rightly perhaps.

P. 43. (90) "*These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee:*"

In this line "*hear*" is (as it often is) a dissyllable;—which I notice because most of the recent editors, by altering the "*knowst*" of the folio to "knowest," render the line unmetrical.—What precedes was written by me before the appearance of *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. by Walker, who there (p. 139), speaking of the present line, remarks; "'*know'st*', at any rate; but I suspect something is lost."

P. 44. (91) "*And much much different*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*And much different*"—Mr. Swynfen Jervis would read "*And* too *much different*," comparing *King Richard II.* act ii. sc. 2, "Madam, your majesty is *too much* sad."

P. 45. (92) "*at*"

Not in the folio. (So little does Mr Collier know of what is to be found in the modern editions, that he charges Mr. Singer with taking this "*at*" from his Ms. Corrector.)

P. 45. (93)

"*But moody, moping, and dull melancholy,*
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at her heels a huge infectious troop"

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In the first line Hanmer inserted "*moping*,"—an addition also proposed both by Heath and Walker.—It is undoubtedly at the heels of melancholy that the infectious troop follows; and, if there be no corruption here, we must understand "*kinsman*" to mean merely *akin*,—as Ritson does, who observes that in *The Merchant of Venice*, act iii. sc. 2, there is a similar confusion of genders;

> "But now I was the *lord*
> Of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants,
> *Queen* o'er myself."—

Heath would read "*And at* their *heels*"; which Malone adopts.—Mr. Collier substitutes "*And at* his *heels*."

P. 46. (94) "*The place of death*"

The folio has "*The place of* depth."—That "depth" was a misprint for "*death*," I did not require the authority of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to convince me; but I am glad he has pronounced it to be so, because the probability of future editors retaining it is thereby considerably lessened. (Even Mr. Collier, who gave "*death*" in his text, was afterwards troubled with great doubts whether he had done rightly: see the "*Additional Notes*" to his *Shakespeare*, i. cclxxxv. first ed.).—According to Mr. Hunter, "'The place of *depth*' means, in the Greek story, the Barathrum, the deep pit, into which offenders were cast. So Jonson,—

> 'Opinion! [O God] let gross opinion sink [and be damn'd]
> As deep as *Barathrum*.'
>
> *Every Man in his Humour*, ed. 1601."

New Illustr. of Shakespeare, i. 225.

But Ægeon was not about to be "*cast into a deep pit*:"—he was to be "Beheaded publicly for his offence." Nor do I see the appositeness of Mr. Hunter's quotation from Jonson. In it "*Barathrum*" undoubtedly means *hell*. Compare Dekker's *Knights Conjuring*, 1607; "Inraged at which, he flung away, and leapt into *Barathrum*." Sig. c. 3. And Taylor's *Bawd*;

> "Cocitus Monarch, high and mighty Dis,
> Who of Great Limbo Lake Commander is,
> Of Tartary, of Erebus, and all
> *Those Kingdomes which men Barathrum doe call*."
>
> P. 92 (second),—*Workes*, ed. 1631.

P. 47. (95) "*strange escape*,

. . . . . .

And with"

Here "*strange*," for "strong" of the folio, is the emendation of Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 23) and of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; and so Malone "once suspected that we should read."—As to "*with*" (for which Capell substituted "here," and which Ritson would alter to "then"),—it may possibly (Malone says, certainly) have been the author's word.

P. 47. (96) "*the while*"

The folio has "and *the while*."

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P. 48. (97) "*To scotch your face,*"

The folio has "*To* scorch *your face.*"—Warburton saw that "*scotch*" was the true reading here: but his obvious emendation has been treated with contempt by his successors. "'*Scorch,*'" says Steevens, "I believe, is right. He would have punished her as he had punished the conjurer before;"—which must have been *by singing off her beard!*—The folio has the very same misprint in *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 2;

"We haue *scorch'd* [read "scotch'd"] the snake, not kill'd it."

So, too, have all the old editions of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act iii. sc. 4;

"*Re-enter* GEORGE, *leading a Second* Man *with a patch over his nose.*

George. Puissant knight, of the Burning Pestle hight,
See here another wretch, whom this foul beast
Hath *scorcht* [read "scotch'd"] and scor'd in this inhuman wise."

P. 49. (98) "*They left me*"

So this passage is cited (without observation) by Walker in his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 26; and so reads Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "There *left me.*"

P. 50. (99) "*I never saw the chain. So help me heaven*
As this is false you burden me withal!"

The folio has

"*I neuer saw the Chaine, so helpe me heauen:*
And *this is false you burthen me withall,*"—

which I corrected as above in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 29. (Compare what Adriana has said at p. 48,

"So befal my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!")—

I continue (1863) to think my correction absolutely necessary, though Mr. Grant White has pronounced it to be "quite needless."

P. 51. (100) "*cares?*"

"Perhaps *care.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 248.

P. 51. (101) "*lamp*"

The folio has "lampes."

P. 52. (102) "Æge. *If I dream not,*" &c.

This speech and the following speech of Æmilia are wrongly placed in the folio: it inserts them between these two lines of the Duke's next speech;

"Which accidentally are met together.—
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?"—

prefixing "*Duke*" to the second of these lines.—The transposition was made by Capell (though Malone takes the credit of it to himself).

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P. 52. (103) "*Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—*"

"If this," says Mason, "be the right reading, it is, as Steevens justly remarks, one of Shakespeare's oversights, as the Abbess had not hinted at her shipwreck; but possibly we should read 'Besides *his* urging,' &c."—In stating that her son, herself, and Dromio, "were taken up" from the raft, the Abbess surely does more than *hint at her shipwreck*: still there is no denying that she has not "*urged*" it, according to our present acceptation of the word; and the old copy is perhaps corrupted here.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads, "*Besides* his *urging of* his *wreck at sea.*"—Malone supposes that a line has been lost.—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 7) cites this passage with the reading "*Besides her urging of* the *wreck at sea.*"

P. 53. (104) "*these errors all arose.*"

So Rowe.—The folio has "*these errors* are *arose.*"

P. 53. (105) "*Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail*
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden ne'er deliverèd.—"

The folio has

"Thirtie three *yeares haue I but gone in trauaile*
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are *deliuered.*"

The alteration of "Thirtie three" to "*Twenty-five*" is Theobald's.—The correction "*ne'er*" for "are" was first made by me in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 30. (Mr. Singer, through forgetfulness, mentions it as his own.)

P. 54. (106) "*And you the calendars of their nativity,*
Go to a gossips' feast, and joy with me;
After so long grief, such felicity!"

The folio has

"*And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,*
Go to a Gossips feast, and go *with mee,*
After so long greefe such Natiuitie,"—

wrongly beyond all doubt.—In the second line I adopt the correction of Heath; in the third line, that of Hanmer. ("For the second '*nativity,*'" says Walker, "read, not as is suggested [by Johnson] in the Variorum edition, '*festivity*' (this was not the idea likely to occur in Æmilia's mind), but [with Hanmer] '*felicity.*'" *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 277.)

P. 54. (107) "*shall I go fetch*"

So Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 29).—The folio omits "*go.*"

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Was entered in the Stationers' Registers as follows:

"23 Aug. 1600. And. Wise, Wm. Aspley] Two books, the one called Muche adoe about Nothinge, and the other The Second Parte of the History of King Henry the iiiith with the Humors of Sir John Fallstaff: wrytten by Mr. Shakespeare."

"There is," remarks Mr. Collier, "another memorandum in the same register, bearing date on the '4th August,' without the year, which runs in these terms:—'As you like yt, a book. Henry the ffith, a book. Every man in his humor, a book. The Comedie of Much Adoe about nothinge, a book.' Opposite the titles of these plays are added the words, 'to be staied.' This last entry, there is little doubt, belongs to the year 1600, for such is the date immediately preceding it; and, as Malone observes [*Life of Shakespeare*, p. 367], the clerk seeing 1600 just above his pen, when he inserted the notice for staying the publication of 'Much Ado about Nothing' and the two other plays, did not think it necessary to repeat the figures. The caveat of the 4th August against the publication had no doubt been withdrawn by the 23d of the same month, and the object of the 'stay' probably was to prevent the publication of 'Henry V.,' 'Every Man in his Humour,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing,' by any other stationers than Wise and Aspley." *Introd. to Much ado about Nothing.* This play was first printed in 1600, 4to, "as it hath been *sundrie times* publikely acted," &c.: hence perhaps we may conjecture, with Mr. Collier, that it was written in the autumn of 1599, rather than assign its composition, with Malone, to the beginning of 1600.—The earlier portion of the serious business of *Much ado about Nothing* has a great resemblance to part of the story of Ariodante and Ginevra in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, canto v.; where Polinesso, in order to revenge himself on the princess Ginevra,—who has rejected his love-suit and has pledged her troth to Ariodante,—prevails on her attendant Dalinda to personate the princess and to appear at a balcony by moonlight, while,—in the sight of Ariodante, whom he has stationed to witness the supposed infidelity of Ginevra,—he ascends to her apartment by a ladder of ropes.—The *tragecall and pleasante history Arrounde Jenevor* [*Ariodante and Ginevra*], *the doughter unto the kynge of skottes, by peter Beverley*, in verse, was entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1565-6, and subsequently printed n. d.: according to Warton (*Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, iii. 479, ed. 4to), there was an edition of it in 1600.—"*A History of Ariodante and Geneuora*" was "shewed before her Matie on Shrovetuesdaie at night [1582-3], enacted by Mr. Mulcasters children" (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iii. 406).—A few years later the same story was versified from Ariosto by George Turbervile. This rests on the authority of Sir John Harington, who, in the notes appended to the Fifth Book of his translation of the *Orlando*, says; "Sure the tale [of Ariodante and Ginevra] is a prettie comicall matter, and hath beene written in English verse some few yeares past (learnedly and with good grace), though in verse of another kind, by M. George Turberuil." Both Ritson (*Bibl. Poet.* sub "*Turbervile*") and Mr. Collier (*Introd. to Much ado about Nothing*) think that Harington may have confounded *Turbervile* with Beverley: but he could hardly have mistaken "*M. George Turberuil*" for "Mr. Peter Beverley" (on the former of whom he wrote a very laudatory "Epitaph;" see his *Epigrams*, B. i. 42);

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and what renders it more probable that he did *not* make any mistake, is the fact that Turbervile was a great dabbler in Italian, and published *Tragical Tales* [*in verse*] *out of sundrie Italians*, &c., 1587.—In 1590 appeared the Second Book of *The Faerie Queene*, where (canto iv. st. 17 sqq.) Spenser has introduced, with some variations, the incidents of this tale: and in 1591 Sir John Harington put forth a complete translation of the *Orlando Furioso*. We have proof, therefore, that before the close of the sixteenth century the story of Ariodante and Ginevra was familiar to the English public, and that, in some shape or other, it must have been known to Shakespeare when he composed *Much ado about Nothing*. That he was not without obligations to it seems certain: as Ariosto's Dalinda personates her mistress Ginevra, so Shakespeare's Margaret assumes the garb of Hero;—and to that circumstance there is nothing parallel in the novel of Bandello, which, as Steevens remarks, "seems to have furnished Shakespeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant." Bandello,—*Parte Prima*, *Novella* 22, relates "*Come il S. Timbreo di Cardona, essendo col Re Piero d'Aragona in Messina, s' innamora di Fenicia Lionata, e i varii e fortunevoli accidenti che avvennero prima che per moglie la prendesse*;" and in the supposed death of Fenicia, her obsequies, and her subsequent marriage with Timbreo, we recognise very important incidents of the play: nor is it immaterial to notice that the names *Lionato de Lionati* and *Piero d'Aragona* have become in the play *Leonato* and *Pedro of Arragon*. There is a French version of Bandello's tale in the Third Vol. of Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, &c.: but some English translation of it, which is no longer to be found, was in all probability what Shakespeare used. For the comic scenes of the play he would seem to have relied entirely on his own invention. (Perhaps it is hardly worth mention, that towards the close of a very brief analysis of Bandello's novel in Skottowe's *Life of Shakespeare*, &c., i. 350, the circumstances of Timbreo's marriage are misrepresented (at least I have seen no edition of Bandello which so exhibits them): the passage, indeed, is all but a transcript from Dunlop's *Hist. of Fiction*, ii. 458, ed. 1816; and Dunlop's memory, I suppose, had deceived him.)

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Pedro, prince of Arragon.
Don John, his bastard brother.
Claudio, a young lord of Florence.
Benedick, a young gentleman of Padua.
Leonato, governor of Messina.
Antonio, his brother.
Balthazar, attendant on Don Pedro.
Borachio, Conrade, } followers of Don John.
Friar Francis.
Dogberry, Verges, } two officers.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

Hero, daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, niece to Leonato.
Margaret, Ursula, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

Scene—*Messina.*

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before the house of* LEONATO.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *with a* Messenger.(1)

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro(2) of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro(3) hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

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Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto returned from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady:—but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that! In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

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Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* BALTHAZAR.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

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Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.(4)

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.*

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

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Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her,—that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegi-

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ance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so."

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.[5]

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at

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me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."*

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign, "Here you may see Benedick the married man."

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you,—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house (if I had it),—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,(6)
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

* "*In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*"] A line from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* (of which the earliest edition known is dated 1599); where it stands thus;

"In time the sauage bull *sustaines* the yoake."
Act ii. sig. C 2, ed. 1618.

Kyd, again, borrowed it from Watson's 'ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ, *or Passionate Centurie of Love* (n. d., but printed in or after 1582); the XLVIIth Sonnet of which begins thus;

"In time the bull *is brought to weare* the yoake," &c.

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Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou begann'st to twist so fine a story?(7)

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.(8)
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter, severally, LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear[8*] itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it.—[*Exit Antonio.*—*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousin,[9] you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Another room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it;[10] therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

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Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayest thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late[11] stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.—Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who?[12] which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

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D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO,(13) ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money

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enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens, he shows me[14] where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece [*to Hero*], I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's

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sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero:—wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.(15)

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.*

* *My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove*, &c.] Qy. does Shakespeare cite here some poem which has now perished? There is, of course, an allusion to the story of Baucis and Philemon, whose dwelling (as Ovid tells us, *Met.* viii. 630) was

"Parva quidem, stipulis et canna tecta palustri."

Malone observes; "The line of Ovid above quoted is thus translated by Golding, 1587;

"'The *roofe* thereof was *thatched* all with straw and fennish reede.'"

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Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [*Takes her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth.(16) I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales*:—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in

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his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so;—the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

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This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore,[17] Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover:[18] so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry.—Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice[19] that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good-will of this young lady;[20] and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

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D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's-nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's-nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me,—not thinking I had been myself,—that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible[21] conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star.[22] I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him[23] before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the

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world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies;—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it,—a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools.—I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count,—civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and, his good-will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine,

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I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit in a corner, and cry Heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

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Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad!

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

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Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio;[24] and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seem-

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ing truth of her disloyalty,[25] that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. LEONATO'S *garden.*

Enter BENEDICK *and a* Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]—I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he is turned orthographer;[26] his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair,—yet I am well; another is wise,—yet I am well; another virtuous,—yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.

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Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.—Ha, the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws into the arbour.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO, *followed by* BALTHAZAR *and* Musicians.(27)

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord.—How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the hid fox(28) with a pennyworth.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,—
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing! [*Music.*

Bene. [*aside*] Now, "Divine air!" now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

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BALTHAZAR *sings.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*aside*] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt Balthazar and Musicians.*]—Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day,—that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits [*aside to Pedro*].—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [*aside*] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

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Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it: but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [*aside*] Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*aside*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [*aside*] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: "I measure him," says

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she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;[29]—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms[30] to hang him. She's an excellent-sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

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D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep the peace: if he break the peace,[31] he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. [*aside*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [*aside*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

BENEDICK *advances from the arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry: —I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the

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lady is fair,—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me,—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke[32] a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner,"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me,"—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. LEONATO'S *garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;(33)
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleachèd bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like to(34) favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office:
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couchèd in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

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Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false-sweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she's too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothèd lord.
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed(35)
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely-featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block movèd with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;

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And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, nor[36] to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit!
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.[37]

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgment
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day to-morrow.[38] Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. [*aside*] She's lim'd, I warrant you: we've caught her, madam.

Hero. [*aside*] If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*

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BEATRICE *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say, thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, —for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

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D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can[39] master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs. He brushes his hat o' mornings: what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and new-governed[40] by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.[41]

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise

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words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear: for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. [*to Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened (for she hath been too long a talking of), the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?(42)

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal!

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

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Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no further till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *with the* Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

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Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: —you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if 'a will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Sec. Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Sec. Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Sec. Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Sec. Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

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Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Sec. Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think 'a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah-ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night.—Come, neighbour.

First Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade!—

First Watch. [*aside*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!—

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

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Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

First Watch. [*aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villain should be so rich;[43] for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

First Watch. [*aside*] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.[44]

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime[45] fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name

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of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely: —I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they[46] Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'ernight, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; 'a wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

First Watch. Never speak:[47] we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you.—Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

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Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours,—cloth-o'-gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves,[48] side sleeves, and skirts round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence, "a husband:" an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in "the heavier for a husband?" None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into *Light o' love;* that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

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Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready.—By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

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Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir,—

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha!

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

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Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike,—alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious[49] persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The inside of a church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, *and* Attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

F. Fran. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her:—friar, you come to marry her.

F. Fran. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

F. Fran. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

F. Fran. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer,—none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, Ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—

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Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married, not to knit my soul
To an approvèd wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You seem'd to me as Dian in her orb,[50]
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Claud. Sweet prince, why speak not you?[51]

D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True!—O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

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Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I'm sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievèd count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them.—Thus, pretty lady,
I'm sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the[52] thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

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Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, and Attendants.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think:—help, uncle:—
Hero! why, Hero!—uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

F. Fran. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

F. Fran. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?(53)
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirchèd thus and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins"?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give

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To her foul-tainted flesh![54]

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

F. Fran. Hear me a little;
For I have only silent been[55] so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start[56]
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observation,[57]
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book;[58] trust not my age,
My reverend calling,[59] nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some blighting error.[60]

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou see'st that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

F. Fran. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,

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Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

F. Fran. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lies in John the bastard,(61)
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a cause,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,(62)
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

F. Fran. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

F. Fran. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse;—that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,

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Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed; then shall he mourn
(If ever love had interest in his liver),
And wish he had not so accusèd her,—
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As sècretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

F. Fran. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt Friar Francis, Hero, and Leonato.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

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Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—there is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

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Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A prison.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns; and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

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Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dog. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah: a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down—Prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

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Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else?

Sec. Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life,[63] where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away![64] you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses;[65] and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.
Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak to me of patience;[66]
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem" when he should groan,[67]
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters,—bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

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Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace,—I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here come the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Who![68]
Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done, being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,

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And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors,—
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

Claud. My villany!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, follow me:[69]
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed[70]
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;
Boys, apes, braggárts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongering[71] boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go anticly, show[72] outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter:

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Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake[73] your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?—
Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.

Ant. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for't. [*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost[74] a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

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Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," says she, "a fine little one." "No," said I, "a great wit:" "Right," says she, "a great gross one." "Nay," said I, "a good wit:" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise:" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman." "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues:" "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly:—the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

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Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick, the married man"?

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad![75] Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

Dog. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance:[76] nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders;[77] sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

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Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—
And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *with the* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

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Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,—
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones,—sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;

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Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir (which indeed is not under white and black), this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name,—the which he hath used so long and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it!—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.*

Leon. Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. LEONATO'S *garden.*

Enter, severally, BENEDICK *and* MARGARET.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?(78)

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth,—it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Exit Margaret.*

The god of love,* [*Singing.*
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book-

* *The god of love,* &c.] "This was the beginning of an old song, by W. E. (William Elderton), a puritanical parody of which, by one W. Birch, under the title of *The Complaint of a Sinner, &c. Imprinted at London, by Alexander Lacy, for Richard Applow,* is still extant. The words in this moralised copy are as follows:

'The God of love, that sits above,
Doth know us, doth know us,
How sinful that we be.'" RITSON.

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full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse,—why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby,"—an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn,"—a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool,"—a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. "Then" is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for;[79] which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the

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time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question:—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle.(79*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The inside of a church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* Attendants, *with music and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*reads from a scroll*]

"Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.

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So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame."

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [*Fixing up the scroll.*
Praising her when I am dumb.—
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Song.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;[80]
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.[81]

Claud.[82] Now, unto thy bones good night!—
Yearly will I do this rite.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.
D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed 's[83]
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET,[84] URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, *and* HERO.

F. Fran. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

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Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother: [*Exeunt Ladies.*
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

F. Fran. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good-will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I' the state of honourable marriage:—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

F. Fran. And my help.—
Here come the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with* Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

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Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.

[*Exit Antonio.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.—
Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa[85] shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the* Ladies *masked.*

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.[86]

Claud. Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar:
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:

[*Unmasking.*

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defil'd;[87] but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

F. Fran. All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

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Beat. [*unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceivèd; for they swore you did.(88)

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter.—Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I'm sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. —Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene.(89) Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

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Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends.—Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music!—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armèd men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers! [*Dance.*

[*Exeunt.*

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P. 75. (1) "*Enter* LEONATO, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *with a* Messenger."

The old eds. have "*Enter Leonato* Gouernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, *Hero* his daughter, *and Beatrice* his Neece, *with a messenger*" (and again at the commencement of act ii. they make his "wife" enter with Leonato). "It is therefore clear," says Mr. Collier *ad l.*, "that the mother of Hero made her appearance before the audience, although she says nothing throughout the comedy;" and in his *Notes and Emendations*, &c., he remarks that "the manuscript-corrector of the folio, 1632, has expunged the words *Innogen his wife*, as if the practice had not then been for her to appear before the audience in this or in any other portion of the comedy." p. 66.

The great probability is, that *she never appeared before any audience in any part of the play;* and that Theobald was right when he conjectured that "the poet had in his first plan designed such a character, which, on a survey of it, he found would be superfluous, and therefore he left it out." One thing I hold for certain, viz. that, if she ever *did* figure among the dramatis personæ, it was not as a mere dummy: there are scenes in which the mother of Hero *must* have spoken; she could not have stood on the stage without a word to say about the disgrace of her daughter, &c.

P. 75. (2) (3) "*Pedro*"

The old eds. have "Peter."

P. 78. (4) "*as yours were.*"

"In the corr. fo. 1632, 'were' at the end of this speech is erased . . . though it was certainly the language of Shakespeare's day: therefore we preserve it." COLLIER. The old text may be right; but, I confess, I am not quite satisfied with it.

P. 80. (5) "*I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.*"

"I suspect, from the turn of the expression, that the words are verse, and that ''*Shall* see thee,' &c., is the true reading." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 237. Very doubtful, surely.

P. 81. (6) "*My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,*"

"Perhaps 'thine to *use*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 295.

P. 82. (7) "*story?*"

"Surely '*story*' is wrong." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 29, where the editor conjectures "string."

P. 82. (8) "*The fairest grant is the necessity.*"

Hanmer alters "*grant*" to "plea;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "ground."—Hayley conjectured "*The fairest grant is* to *necessity*" (Necessitas quod cogit defendit).

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P. 83. (8*) "*appear*"

Qy. "approve"? i. e. prove. (In *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 3, the folio has "appear'd," where the sense requires "*approv'd.*")

P. 83. (9) "*Cousin*,"

Here the old eds. have "coosins," and, two lines after, "cosin:" but Leonato is evidently addressing the same individual; and his first speech in this scene shows plainly *who* that individual is—"Where is *my cousin, your son?* hath he provided this music?" The said "*cousin*," son to Antonio, now crosses the stage along with musicians, and, it may be, with others.

P. 83. (10) "*it;*"

A modern addition.

P. 84. (11) "*You have of late*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*You have* till *of late.*"

P. 84. (12) "*And who, and who?*"

Mr. Grant White pronounces the second "*and who*" to be "an accidental repetition:" but Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 29) has proved, by parallel passages, that it is the author's own iteration.

P. 85. (13) "*Enter* LEONATO," &c.

See note (1).

P. 86. (14) "*so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens, he shows me*"

Almost all the modern editors erroneously alter the original punctuation to "——— and away to Saint Peter for the heavens: he shows me,"—not being aware that "*for the heavens*" is a petty oath (see Gifford,—Jonson's *Works*, ii. 68, vi. 333).

P. 87. (15) "*falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads, "—— *till he sink* a-pace *into his grave.*"

P. 88. (16)

"Balth. *Well, I would you did like me.*
Marg. *So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.*
Balth. *Which is one?*
Marg. *I say my prayers aloud.*
Balth."

The three speeches now assigned to *Balthazar* are given, both in the quarto and in the folio, to Benedick. Theobald first saw that they belonged to *Balthazar.*—Benedick is now engaged with Beatrice, as is evident from what they presently say. (Two prefixes, each beginning with the same letter, are

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frequently confounded by transcribers and printers: so, in *Love's Labour's lost*, act ii. sc. 1, *six speeches in succession* which belong to *Biron* are assigned in the folio to *Boyet*.)

P. 90. (17) "*therefore*,"

Some of the earlier editors print "then;" which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives.

P. 90. (18) "*drover*:"

The old eds. have "drouier" ("*drovier*"); which, says Walker, "may perhaps be right." *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 227.

P. 90. (19) "*the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice*"

I do not understand this; but, I believe, it was not questioned by any editor till the time of Johnson, who conjectured "*the base*, the *bitter disposition*," &c., —a correction which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 30) "doubts."

P. 90. (20) "*of this young lady*;"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* vol. ii. p. 223) would read "*of* his *young lady*," because, he says, "'*this*' has nothing to refer to." He may be right: but our early authors sometimes use "*this*" rather loosely.

P. 91. (21) "*impossible*"

Theobald printed "impassable," Hanmer "impetuous;" and Dr. Johnson and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "importable." But Shakespeare, like other early writers, employs the word "*impossible*" with great license: so, before in this play (p. 88), we have "*impossible* slanders;" in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 5, "I will examine *impossible* places;" in *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 2, "*impossible* passages of grossness;" in *Julius Cæsar*, act ii. sc. 1, "strive with things *impossible*."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 30) cites from Drayton's Odes, *Love's Conquest*, "S' *impossibly* I love you," &c.

P. 91. (22) "*to the north star*."

A similar comic exaggeration is found in a passage of the *Protesilaos* of Anaxandrides (apud Athenaios, Book iv. sect. 7), which describes the wedding-feast of Iphikrates on his marriage with the daughter of Kotys, king of Thrace;

κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν μὲν ὑπεστρῶσθαι
στρώμαθ' ἁλουργῆ μέχρι τῆς ἄρκτου.

("That purple tapestry strew'd the market-place,
And thence extended *to the northern star*"):

but Meineke has altered μέχρι τῆς ἄρκτου to μέχρι τῆς ἄκρας (*to the citadel*).

P. 91. (23) "*left him*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "lent *him*."

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P. 95. (24)

"*hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio;*"

Theobald altered "*Claudio*" to "Borachio;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector does the same. But as Margaret was on that occasion to pass herself off for Hero (compare what Borachio says, p. 135, "how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court *Margaret in Hero's garments*"), so was Borachio to be addressed by her as Claudio: there was certainly a secret agreement between them, though we learn from his subsequent declaration, p. 137, "Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me," that she was not aware to what a villanous project she was lending her aid. Mr. Knight aptly observes, "The very expression *term me* shows that the speaker assumes that Margaret, by connivance, would call him by the name of Claudio." Mr. Collier says, "'*Claudio*' must be an error, as Claudio was to be one of the spectators:" but surely Claudio would not doubt his own identity,—he would know that she was not talking to *him*.—I am now (1863) less confident as to the correctness of the old reading "*Claudio*."

P. 96. (25) "*of her disloyalty,*"

The old eds. have "*of* Heroes *disloyaltie.*"—Corrected by Capell.

P. 96. (26) "*orthographer;*"

The old eds. have "ortography" and "orthography,"—and the latter is retained by Mr. Staunton, who defends it by comparing the reading of the old eds. in *Love's Labour's lost*, act i. sc. 2, "I shall turn *sonnet,*"—which I believe to be a stark error.

P. 97. (27)

"*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO, *followed by* BALTHAZAR *and* Musicians."

The quarto has "*Enter prince, Leonato, Claudio, Musicke,*" and, six lines after, "*Enter Balthaser with musicke.*"—The folio has, and rightly, only *one* stage-direction,—"*Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson*" [i. e. the singer who acted Balthazar].

P. 97. (28) "*hid fox*"

The old eds. have "kid-*foxe.*"

P. 100. (29) "*curses;*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "cries."

P. 100. (30) "*an alms*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*an alms*-deed."

P. 101. (31) "*keep the peace: if he break the peace,*"

The old eds. have "*keepe peace, if hee,*" &c.

P. 102. (32) "*and choke*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*and* not *choke.*"

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P. 103. (33) "*Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;*"

"(Al. 'run thee *into* the parlour.') I suspect there is something wrong." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 8.

P. 103. (34) "*to*"

A modern addition.

P. 104. (35) "*as full, as fortunate a bed*"

Mr. Staunton prints, with the old eds., "*as full as fortunate a bed;*" by which he understands "as full fortunate a bed."

P. 105. (36) "*nor*"

The old eds. have "not."

P. 105. (37)

"*She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me*
Out of myself, press me to death with wit!
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling."

In the quarto the fifth line stands thus;

"*It were a better death*, then *die with mockes*,"—

"then" being the usual old spelling of "than." The folio, by a slight mistake, has

"*It were a better death* to *die with mockes*,"—

which the editor of the second folio (who, as Malone has proved, never examined any of the quartos) altered to

"*It were a* bitter *death* to *die with mockes*,"—

giving a meaning to the passage, but a meaning which the construction of the speech shows to be wrong (I say so, though aware that Mr. Grant White has adopted the reading of the second folio).

P. 105. (38) "*Why, every day to-morrow.*"

Mr. Staunton remarks, that Hero plays on the form of Ursula's interrogatory, and that she means, "I am a married woman every day after to-morrow."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Why*, in a *day*," &c.

P. 107. (39) "*can*"

The old eds. have "cannot."

P. 107. (40) "*new-governed*"

The old eds. have "now *gouern'd*."—On "*Now* and *new* confounded" see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 214.

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P. 107. (41) "*She shall be buried with her face upwards.*"

Altered by Theobald to "—— *with her* heels *upwards.*"—Steevens observes that the old reading may mean "She shall be buried in her lover's arms;" and Malone, approving of that interpretation, adds, "Don Pedro is evidently playing on the word *dies* in Claudio's speech," &c.

P. 108. (42) "Claud. *Who, Hero?*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom writes to me; "Some very necessary words seem to have been omitted here. Qu.

'*Claud. Who, Hero?* my Hero? Leonato's Hero?'"

P. 112. (43) "*any villain should be so rich;*"

The old eds. have "*any* villanie," &c.—"Read 'any *villain* should be so rich;' as Warburton also saw to be necessary." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 46.

P. 112. (44) "Bora. *Didst thou not hear somebody?*
Con. *No; 'twas the vane on the house.*"

Here the folio has the spelling "—— *vaine* on the house:" in consequence of which Walker says, "Read '*raine.*' See above; 'stand thee close under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain.'" *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 31. But Walker was not aware of the very strong objection to his ingenious reading which is furnished by the quarto of 1600, where we find "—— for it drissells *raine*" and "No, 'twas the *vane* on the house." Now, properly speaking, there is only one old text of this play,—that of the quarto; from which, beyond all doubt, that of the folio was printed (with a few omissions, and a few slight changes, mostly for the worse).

P. 112. (45) "*sometime*"

The old eds. have "sometimes:" but see what follows.

P. 113. (46) "*they*"

So the quarto.—The folio (which Mr. Grant White follows here, terming it very improperly "the authentic copy") has "thy."

P. 113. (47) "*Never speak:*" &c.

This speech is given to Conrade in the old eds.

P. 114. (48) "*down sleeves,*"

i. e. down the sleeves. (Here "*side sleeves*" are "long, hanging sleeves," and "*round*" is equivalent to "roundabout.")

P. 117. (49) "*auspicious*"

Spelt in the old eds. "aspitious."

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P. 119. (50)

"Hero. *And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?*
Claud. *Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:*
You seem'd to me as Dian in her orb,"

The old eds. have "*Out on* thee *seeming,*" and "*You* seeme *to me,*" &c.

P. 119. (51) "Claud. *Sweet prince, why speak not you?*"

Here the old eds. have the prefix "Leon."—"Tieck," observes Mr. Knight, "proposes to give this line to Claudio, who thus calls upon the prince to confirm his declaration." To Claudio, as I saw long ago, it assuredly belongs:—and Claudio has, only a few speeches before, addressed Don Pedro in the same terms;

"*Sweet prince,* you learn me noble thankfulness."

In the next act the old copies assign two speeches to *Leonato* wrongly,—one of them belonging to Antonio, see note (86), the other to Benedick, see note (89).

P. 120. (52) "*the*"

The old eds. have "thy" (a mistake arising from the occurrence of "thy" both in the preceding and in the present line).

P. 121. (53) "*nature's frame?*"

Hanmer printed "*nature's* hand;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*nature's* frown."

P. 122. (54) "*And salt too little which may season give*
To her foul-tainted flesh!"

For "*her foul-tainted flesh*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*her* soul-*tainted flesh,*"—which (like his substitution of "soul-*pure*" for "*sole-pure*" in *Troilus and Cressida*, act i. sc. 3) can only be regarded as an ingenious attempt to improve the language of Shakespeare,—or, in other words, as a piece of mere impertinence.—Be it observed that Leonato, who now uses the expression, "her *foul-tainted* flesh," presently goes on to say,

"Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her *foulness,*
Wash'd it with tears?"

With "*foul-tainted*" we may compare "*foul-defilèd*" in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*;

"The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my *foul-defilèd* blood."

and in Peele's *Edward I.* (*Works*, p. 388, ed. Dyce, 1861);

"That I was hew'd with *foul-defilèd* hands," &c.

P. 122. (55) "*silent been*"

The old eds. have "been silent."—Mr. Grant White made the transposition.

P. 122. (56) "*apparitions start*"

The old eds. have "*apparitions* to *start.*"

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P. 122. (57) "*observation*,"

The old eds. have "obseruations."

P. 122. (58) "*book*;"

"'Books?'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 263.

P. 122. (59) "*reverend calling*,"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "reuerence, *calling*."

P. 122. (60) "*blighting error*."

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. "biting *error*."

P. 123. (61) "*The practice of it lies in John the bastard*,"

The old eds. have "*The practise of it* liues *in*," &c.—On "*Lie* and *live* confounded" see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 210.

P. 123. (62) "*But they shall find, awak'd in such a cause,*
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,"

The old eds. have

"—— *awakte in such a* kind,
Both strength," &c.—

"This ['kind' forming a rhyme with '*mind*'], in the midst of blank verse, is inadmissible; to say nothing of the sense. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote,—'in such a *cause*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 166.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also substitutes "*cause*" for "kind."—The occurrence of "*find*" and "*mind*" in this passage probably occasioned the corruption "kind."

P. 128. (63) "Dog. *Come, let them be opinioned.*
Verg. *Let them be in the hands*—
Con. *Off, coxcomb!*
Dog. *God's my life*," &c.

The old eds. have

"Constable. *Come, let them be opiniond.*
Couley [the folio "Sex."]. *Let them be in the hands* of Coxcombe.
Kemp. *Gods my life*," &c.

P. 128. (64) "Con. *Away!*" &c.

The old eds. by mistake assign this speech to "Couley" (the actor who played Verges).

P. 128. (65) "*losses*;"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "leases."

P. 129. (66) "*And bid him speak to me of patience*;"

So Hanmer, Ritson, Walker, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. omit "*to me*."

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P. 129. (67) "*Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem' when he should groan,*"

The old eds. have "And *sorrow, wagge,*" &c.—I adopt Capell's emendation, which is incomparably the best yet proposed, and, I think, not to be objected to because the word "*bid*" occurs in the seventh line above.—Johnson, by a violent transposition, reads "Cry—*sorrow, wag!* and *hem when he should groan.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 307) proposes "Say, *sorrow, wag,*" &c.—That the words "*sorrow wag*" are uncorrupted, and equivalent to "sorrow be gone," I feel quite confident.

P. 130. (68) "*Who!*"

Added by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 143).

P. 131. (69) "*come, sir boy, follow me:*"

The old eds. have "*come sir boy,* come *follow me.*"

P. 131. (70) "*That dare as well answer a man indeed*"

"Point [with the old eds.] '—— answer a man indeed,' *i.e.* one who is indeed a man. See the whole context. And so understand '*indeed*' in *Hamlet,* iii. 4;

'A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 32.

P. 131. (71) "*fashion-mongering*"

In my *Few Notes,* &c. p. 46, I have said, "Here Mr. Knight, alone of the modern editors, follows the old copies in printing '*fashion-monging,*'—and rightly," &c.: but now, on considering the inconsistency in spelling which those old copies exhibit, I think that the other modern editors have done more wisely.—Mr. Collier, in the sec. ed. of his *Shakespeare,* writes thus on the present passage; "The Rev. A. Dyce, in his 'Few Notes,' &c. p. 46, would have this compound spelt 'fashion-*monging,*' merely because he so finds it in Wilson's 'Cobler's Prophecie,' 1594," &c.,—one of Mr. Collier's many unprincipled attempts to render me ridiculous in the eyes of his readers; few of whom could be expected to know (what Mr. Collier could not fail to know) that in the present passage *all the old editions, the quarto, and the four folios,* are uniform in having "fashion-*monging.*"

P. 131. (72) "*show*"

The old eds. have "and *show.*"

P. 132. (73) "*wake*"

A most suspicious lection, though defended by several commentators.—Hanmer altered it to "rack."

P. 132. (74) "*almost*"

"This second *almost* appears like a casual insertion of the compositor." STEEVENS.

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P. 134. (75) "*let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad!*"

This can hardly be right; nor is the alteration, "*let be: pluck up,*" much more satisfactory.—Mr. Staunton says; "It may be suspected that the poet wrote 'let me pluck up my heart,' &c., the meaning being, rouse my spirits to serious business."

P. 134. (76) "*if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance:*"

"Would not the natural way of expressing the thought be '—— she shall ne'er *more weigh* reasons,' &c.?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 248. But it is dangerous to meddle with the language of Dogberry.

P. 134. (77) "*slanders;*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 200) would read "slanderers."

P. 138. (78) "*keep below stairs?*"

Altered by Theobald to "*keep* above *stairs?*"—Steevens conjectured "*keep* men *below stairs?*"

P. 139. (79) "*for;*"

A modern addition.

P. 140. (79*) "*uncle.*"

The old eds. have "uncles."

P. 141. (80) "*Pardon, goddess of the night,*
Those that slew thy virgin knight;"

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*virgin knight*" to "*virgin* bright," very improperly. I may observe that we have already had "*night*" used as a rhyme to "*knight*" in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. sc. 1.

P. 141. (81) "*Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,*
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily."

So the quarto.—The folio has "Heauenly, heauenly," which is adopted by Mr. Knight, Mr. Staunton, and Mr. Grant White,—the last-mentioned editor writing as follows; "The quarto has, by a misprint which may almost be called obvious, '*heavily, heavily;*' the mistake being caused by a supposition that this line was meant for a repetition of the third above. This reading, however, although destructive of the fine sense that death is to be uttered (i. e. expelled, outer-ed) by the power of Heaven, and indeed of all sense whatever, has yet been adopted by most modern editors; and it is advocated by Mr. Dyce, because 'it goes so *heavily* with my disposition' (*Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2) is misprinted, 'it goes so *heavenly*,' &c., in the folio!" To the preceding remarks of my living friend Mr. Grant White I must now oppose those of my dead friend Sidney Walker; "The folio, Knight, and (I think) Collier [no], read '*Heavenly, heavenly;*' a most absurd error, generated (*ut sæpe*) by the corruption of an uncommon word to a common one. So *Hamlet*, ii. 2,—

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'it goes so *heavily* with my disposition,'—the folio has '*heavenly*;' as Dyce has also noticed, *Remarks*. My note, however, was suggested by the sense of the passage. . . . . With regard to the words, 'Graves, yawn,' &c., I know not why we should consider them as any thing more than an invocation—after the usual manner of funeral dirges in that age, in which mourners of some description or other are summoned to the funeral—a call, I say, upon the surrounding dead to come forth from their graves, as auditors or sharers in the solemn lamentation. '*Uttered*,' expressed, commemorated in song. . . . The explanation of '*uttered*,' as signifying '*ousted*,' is one of the many unfortunate exhibitions of half-learning to which our poet has given occasion." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 33.

P. 141. (82) "Claud."

The old eds. have "*Lo.*" (i. e. *Lord*).

P. 141. (83) "*Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;*

. . . . . .

And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's"

Here the old eds. have "—— *speeds:*" but (unless we change "*weeds*" to "weed" and "*speeds*" to "speed") there seems to be no other course than to follow the advice of Thirlby, who says; "Claudio could not know, without being a prophet, that this new proposed match should have any luckier event than that designed with Hero. Certainly, therefore, this should be a wish in Claudio; and, to this end, the poet might have wrote *speed's*, i. e. *speed us:* and so it becomes a prayer to Hymen."—Malone objects to the contraction "*speed's:*" but compare "Therefore *to's* seemeth it a needful course," &c. *Love's Labour's lost*, act ii. sc. 1.

P. 141. (84) "MARGARET,"

Some of the modern editors (more unforgiving than Leonato) exclude Margaret from the present assembly, though the old copies mark both her entrance here and her re-entrance afterwards with the other ladies. (In what is said of her at the commencement of the scene there is nothing which would lead us to suppose that the poet intended her to be absent.)

P. 143. (85) "*And all Europa*"

"I have no doubt but that our author wrote 'And all *our Europe*'." STEEVENS,—who perhaps was not aware of the earlier alteration, "*And* so *all* Europe."

P. 143. (86) "Ant. *This same is she, and I do give you her.*"

Here the old eds. have the prefix "Leo.": which is at variance with the words of Leonato in the preceding page;

"You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And *give her to young Claudio.*"

Mr. Collier retains the prefix of the old copies, and observes, "Though Antonio was formally to give away the lady at the altar, as her pretended father,

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Leonato may very properly interpose this observation." But the line must be characterised as something more than an "observation:" nor does the ceremony at the altar *form any portion of the play.*

P. 143. (87) "*One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,*"

The word "*defil'd*" has dropt out from the folio, but is found in the quarto.—"Now," says Mr. Collier, "it is most unlikely that Hero should herself tell Claudio that she had been 'defil'd;' and the word supplied by the Corrector of the folio, 1632, seems on all accounts much preferable:—

'One Hero died *belied*, but I do live.'

Here we see the lady naturally denying her guilt, and attributing her death to the slander thrown upon her. Shakespeare's word must have been *belied*," &c. In the first place, there was no necessity that the lady should "deny her guilt" to one who had already a perfect conviction of her innocence; and, in the second place, the word "belied" is objectionable because it makes the gentle Hero indirectly reproach the repentant Claudio.—"The correctness of the old word is established by the remainder of Hero's speech;

'but I do live,
And surely as I live, *I am a maid.*'" GRANT WHITE.

P. 144. (88) "*Have been deceivèd; for they swore you did.*"

Here the word "*for*" is wanting in the old eds. But, even with that addition, I do not believe that we have the line as it came from Shakespeare's pen: the probability is, that he wrote (what Hanmer printed)

"*Have been deceiv'd; for they* did swear *you did*";

which corresponds with what presently follows,

"Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did."

P. 144. (89) "Bene."

The old eds. have "Leon."

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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

WAS unquestionably written by Shakespeare not long after he commenced his career as a dramatist; but its exact date is uncertain. The quarto of 1598 (the earliest edition known) professes to give the play, "*As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented.*"—Robert Tofte, in a poem called *Alba, or the Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover*, 1598, mentions it in terms which indicate that a considerable time had elapsed since he saw it acted;

> "Love's Labour Lost! I once did see a play
> Ycleped so, so called to my paine,
> Which I to heare to my small joy did stay,
> Giving attendance on my froward dame," &c.—

No novel, from which Shakespeare derived the incidents of this comedy, has been discovered: but Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 256) has pointed out a passage in Monstrelet's *Chronicles*, which appears to show that the original tale had an admixture of historic truth: "Charles King of Navarre came to Paris to wait on the King. He negociated so successfully with the King and Privy Council, that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castle-wicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the King the castle of Cherburgh, the county of Evreux, and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims or profits in them to the King and to his successors, on condition that with the duchy of Nemours *the King of France engayed to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King our lord.*" Johnes's trans., vol. i. 108. Compare the speech of the King in act ii. sc. 1;

> "Madam, your father here doth intimate
> The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
> *Being but the one-half of an entire sum*
> Disbursèd by my father in his wars."

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } lords attending on the King.
DUMAIN,

BOYET,
MERCADE, } lords attending on the Princess of France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.
DULL, a constable.
COSTARD, a clown.
MOTH, page to Armado.
A Forester.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA, } ladies attending on the Princess.
KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*Navarre.*

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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A park, with a palace in it.*

Enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Birón, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.(1)

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:

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Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.
Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.
Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term,—
Which I hope well is not enrollèd there;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,—
The which I hope is not enrollèd there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day),—
Which I hope well is not enrollèd there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,—
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!
King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
Long. You swore to that, Birón, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.
King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast[2] expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;

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Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be this,[3] and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save bare authority from others' books.[4]
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixèd star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know naught but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.

King. Birón is like an envious-sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

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Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?[5]
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled earth;[6]
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you—to study now it is too late—
Climb o'er the house t' unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out:[7] go home, Birón: adieu.

Biron. No, my good lord; I've sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,[8]
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper,—let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. [*reads*] "Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court,"—Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.—[*Reads*] "on pain of losing her tongue."—Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against garrulity![9]

[*Reads*] "Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace and cómplete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admirèd princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:

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While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire,—so won, so lost.
King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to others as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.(10)
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refinèd traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashions(11) planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music(12) of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

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Enter DULL *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow: what wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having:[13] God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?[14]

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.[15]

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*reads*] "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god and body's fostering patron,"—

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Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [*reads*] "So it is,"—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so-so.(16)

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. [*reads*] "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of the(17) health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,"—

Cost. Me.

King. [*reads*] "that unlettered small-knowing soul,"—

Cost. Me.

King. [*reads*] "that shallow vessel,"—(18)

Cost. Still me.

King. [*reads*] "which, as I remember, hight Costard,"—

Cost. O, me.

King. [*reads*] "sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,(19)—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,"—

Cost. With a wench.

King. [*reads*] "with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I —as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on—have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

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King. [*reads*] "For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of the[20] law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My Lord Birón, see him deliver'd o'er:—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *Another part of the park.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the selfsame thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*aside*] He speaks the mere contrary,—crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

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Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning,—it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [*aside*] To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage,—for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too:—who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

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Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind[21] Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*aside*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

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Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no penance; but 'a must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid,—

Jaq. Man?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull.(22) Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your followers,(23) for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

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Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,—which is a great argument of falsehood,—if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, —and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced,—and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love;[24] yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnetist.[25] Devise, wit,—write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A part of the park: a pavilion and tents at a distance.*

Enter the Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain,—a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

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Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.(26)
But now to task the tasker:—good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,(27)
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Impórtunes personal conference with his grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

[*Exit Boyet.*

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

First Lord. Longaville(28) is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solémnizèd
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well-fitted in the(29) arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss—
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil—
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills

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It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike; is't so?
Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Birón they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue—conceit's expositor—
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That agèd ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravishèd;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnishèd
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I've learnt,—
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,

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To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and* Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. "Fair" I give you back again; and "welcome" I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady,—I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what 'tis.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
Not sin to break it.(30)
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it, then, to ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

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Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one-half of an entire sum[31]
Disbursèd by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we—as neither have—
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of which,[32]
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.
Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.
Prin. We arrest your word.—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.
King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,

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Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[*Exeunt King and his Train.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. *No point*, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.(33)

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Long. I beseech you, a word: what is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

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Long. God's blessing on your beard!
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit Long.*
Biron. [*coming forward*] What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.(34)
Biron. Is she wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit Biron.—Ladies unmask.*
Mar. That last is Birón, the merry madcap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.
Boyet. If my observation,—which very seldom lies,—
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosèd with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:

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His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:(35)
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.(36)

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then? do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A part of the park.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel*— [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

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Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyes;[37] sigh a note and sing a note,—sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love,—sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet,[38] like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches,—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you note me?[39]—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny[40] of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live;—and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more,—and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.[41]

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Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!—
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:—
Most rude melancholy,(42) valour gives thee place.—
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy;*—
begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy;* no salve in them all,(43) sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy;* no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue,(44) thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen: the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling,—O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy.*

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Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.(45)

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see—a fat *l'envoy;* ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy:*

I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances:(46)—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

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Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee free from durance;[47] and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:—bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration [*giving money*]; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents.—Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!—
[*Exit Moth.*
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—"What's the price of this inkle?"—"A penny."—"No, I'll give you a remuneration:" why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation riband may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. O, why, then, three-farthing-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

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And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Giving money.*

Cost. Gardon,—O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

Biron. O,—and I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior,[48] giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting paritors:—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What, what! I love! I sue! I seek a wife![49]
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going right,[49*] being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,[50]
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:[51]
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A part of the park.*

Enter the Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, *and a* Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.(52)
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;(53)
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit!
O heresy in fair,(54) fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,—
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

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When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Birón to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [*reads*] "By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon;[55] and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici;* which to anatomize[56] in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—*videlicet*,

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He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's,—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.—Thine, in the dearest design of industry, DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter? What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceiv'd but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my Lord Birón, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.—
Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt Princess and Train.*

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Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?(57)

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!(58)

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros.

"Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,*
Thou canst not hit it, my good man."

Boyet.

"An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can."

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.(59)

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand! i'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

* "*Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,*" &c.] This song, to the tune of which there was a dance, appears to have been popular.

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Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.[60]

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armador[61] o' the one side;[62]—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly 'a will swear!—
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shouting within.*
[*Exit Costard, running.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the park.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*,—blood;[63] ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cœlum*,[64]—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo;* 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, un-

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pruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo;* 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformèd dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be—
Which we of taste[65] and feeling are—for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to set[66] him in a school:
But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,—
"Many can brook the weather that love not the wind."

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna,[67] goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,
And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called[68] the deer the princess killed a pricket.

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Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful[69] princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put *l* to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then *l* to sore makes fifty sores: O sore *l!*
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more *l.*

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol.[70] This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master person,[71] be so good as read me this

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letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado:(72) I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste,** *precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

——*Venegia*,† *Venegia*,
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *lege, domine.*

Nath. [*reads*]

"If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learnèd is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,—
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue."(73)

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only(74) numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, in-

* *Fauste*, &c.] The commencement of the *First Eclogue* of Mantuanus (i.e. Baptista Spagnolo),—in which the interlocutors are Faustus and Fortunatus;

"*Fauste, precor, gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*
Ruminat, antiquos paulum recitemus amores," &c.

† *Venegia*, &c.] "Our author, I believe, found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to, 1591, where it stands thus;

'*Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;*
Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.'" MALONE.

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deed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*[75] is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.—But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.[76]

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing[77] to the person written unto: "Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON."—Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*to Dull*] I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *Another part of the park.*

Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, Sit thee down, sorrow![78] for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in.—Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

[*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter the King, *with a paper.*

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*aside*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets!

King. [*reads*]

"So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot
The dew of night[79] that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triúmphing in my woe.

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Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far thou dost excel,[80]
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell."—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:—
Sweet leaves, shade folly.—Who is he comes here?

[*Steps aside.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. [*aside*] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Biron. [*aside*] Why, he comes in like a perjure,[81] wearing papers.

King.[82] [*aside*] In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. [*aside*] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*aside*] I could put thee in comfort,—not by two that I know:
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:—
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!—
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*aside*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.[83]

Long. This same shall go.— [*Reads.*

"Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world can not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

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Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?"

Biron. [*aside*] This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
[*Steps aside.*

Biron. [*aside*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets[84] heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. [*aside*] O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. [*aside*] By earth, she is but corporal:[85] there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.

Biron. [*aside*] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. [*aside*] Stoops,[86] I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. [*aside*] Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O, that I had my wish!

Long. [*aside*] And I had mine!

King. [*aside*] And I[87] mine too, good Lord!

Biron. [*aside*] Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. [*aside*] A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!

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Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. [*aside*] Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
Dum. [*reads*]

"On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;(88)
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;—(89)
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom e'en(90) Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's lasting pain.(91)
O, would the king, Birón, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

Long. [*advancing*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King. [*advancing*] Come, sir, your blush:(92) as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathèd arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart!

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I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One's hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:(93)
You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. [*To Dum.*
What will Birón say when that he shall hear
Of faith infringèd, which such zeal did swear?(94)
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
[*Descends from the tree.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches;(95) in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears;
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformèd to a gnat!(96)
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A candle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

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Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:[97]
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engagèd in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.[98]
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love?[99] or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?[100]

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our person[101] misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*] Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[*Biron tears the letter.*

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Birón's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picking up the pieces.*

Biron. [*to Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.—

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Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me[102] fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you,—even[103] you, my liege,—and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four.—
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away!
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth but[104] obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you?[105] Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are, then, no eyes, nor I Birón:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

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To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,—
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood[106] divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the stole of night;[107]
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brow[108] be deckt,
It mourns that painting and[109] usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspéct;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never know man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
[*Showing his shoe.*
Biron. O, if the streets were pavèd with thine eyes,

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Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing so sure;[110] and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O, 'tis more than need.—
Have at you, then, affection's men-at-arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,—[111]
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,—
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,[112]
As motion and long-during action tire
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous[113] tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immurèd in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,

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Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye,—
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make[114] heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs:
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humanity.[115]
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves[116] all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors[117] of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law,—
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these gloses by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

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King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masques, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love, strewing her[118] way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A part of the park.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms,

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such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak "dout," fine, when he should say "doubt;" "det," when he should pronounce "debt,"—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a "calf," "cauf;" "half," "hauf;" "neighbour" *vocatur* "nebour;" "neigh" abbreviated "ne." This is abhominable,—which he would call abominable: it insinuateth one of *insanire; ne intelligis, domine?* to wax frantic, lunatic.(119)

Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone!—bone for *bene:* Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Arm. Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

Hol. Quare "chirrah," not "sirrah"?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*to Costard, aside*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*to Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.—What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third(120) of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit,—snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

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Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; "dunghill" for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula;* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house[121] on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, choice;[122] sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure ye, my[123] very good friend:—for what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy,[124]—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too,—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio,—but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world,—but let that

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pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breakings-out[125] of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. —Sir Nathaniel,[126] as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, at[127] the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess,—I say none so fit as to present[128] the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or[129] this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass for Pompey the Great;[130] the page, Hercules,—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

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Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull!—to our sport, away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the park. Before the* Princess's *pavilion.*

Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you what I have from the loving king.(131)

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.(132)

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Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.—
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is't?
Ros. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,[133]
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!
Kath. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows.[134]
Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?[135]
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,—
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Birón I'll torture ere I go:
O, that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests![136]

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So potent-like[137] would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learnèd fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.[138]

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter BOYET.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam,[139] prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are[140]
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armèd in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us?[141] say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half-an-hour;
When, lo, to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions! warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear,—
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;

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" For," quoth the king, " an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, " An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil."
With that, all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fleer'd, and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, " *Via!* we will do't, come what will come;"
The third he caper'd, and cried, " All goes well;"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.(142)

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,—(143)
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-suit(144) will advance
Unto his several mistress,—which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Birón take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. Th' effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal

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Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her[145] face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er[146] come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter Blackamoors *with music;* MOTH; *the* King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked.*

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.[147]
Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!—
Biron. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!
Out—
Boyet. True; "out" indeed.
Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—
Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.
Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamèd eyes,
——with your sun-beamèd eyes—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it "daughter-beamèd eyes."
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!
[*Exit Moth.*
Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

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If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure, then, of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessèd are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine—
Those clouds remov'd—upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidd'st me beg: this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then!—Nay, you must do it soon.
[*Music plays.*
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

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King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music[147*] plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends:—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.
King. I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar,—there is three.
Biron. Nay, then, two treys,—an if you grow so nice,—
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey,—well run, dice!—
There's half-a-dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall! bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

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Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your visard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visard half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman:—is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady!
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,—
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.[148]
[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout![149]
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visards, show their faces?
This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O,[150] they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
Prin. Birón did swear himself out of all suit.

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Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
"*No point*," quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.
Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Birón hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the[151] land.
[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

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Re-enter the King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve,—
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy:
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whalés-bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of "honey-tongu'd Boyet."

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this man show'd thee?(152) and what art thou now?

Re-enter the Princess, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, *and* KATHARINE.

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

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King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it, then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nickname virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord:
My lady,—to the manner of the days,—
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair[153] gentle-sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

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It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
Ros. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you less.
Ros. Which of the visards was it that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what visard? why demand you this?
Ros. There, then, that visard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
King. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.
Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon![154]—Why look you pale?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady: dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in visard to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,[155]
Figures pedantical;—these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove—how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans "sans," I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;

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I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see :—
Write, "Lord have mercy on us" on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will: and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

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King. My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear.—
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't:—here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—
That smiles his cheek in years,[156] and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn,—in will and error.
Much upon this it is:—and might not you [*To Boyet.*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage,[157] this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

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Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to pursent one man,—e'en one poor man,[158]—Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion[159] the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

King. Birón, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,[160]
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

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Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too-too vain, too-too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate throw at novum,[161] and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.[162]

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, *for Pompey.*

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big,—

Dum. "The Great."

Cost. It is "Great," sir:—

Pompey surnam'd the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.—
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, Great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in "Great."

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Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, *for Alexander.*

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd.—Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander,—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. [*to Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his pole-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Sir Nath. retires.*] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted.—But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.[163] [*Costard retires.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, *for Judas; and* MOTH, *for Hercules.*

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,[164]
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canus;*
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus.*
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.—

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Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.— [*Moth retires.*(165)
Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, yclipèd Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor.—How art thou proved Judas?

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A Death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.—And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.—

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!(166)

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Enter ARMADO, *for Hector.*

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.(167)

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!—

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye(168)
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device.—[*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[*Biron steps to Costard, whispers him, and then returns to his place.*(169)

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

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Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Cost. [*suddenly coming from behind*] The party is gone,[170] fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than Great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

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Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I'm sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.[171]

King. The extreme part of time[172] extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost

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Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are dull.
Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;—(173)
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to th' opposèd end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange(174) shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd(175) our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make them.(176) Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.
Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this in our respects(177)
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.
Long. So did our looks.
Ros. We did not quote them so.
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

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Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—
If for my love—as there is no such cause—
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;[178]
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me[179] by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.[180]
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?
Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;[180*]
With threefold love I wish you all these three.
Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn agen.

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Long. What says Maria?
Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Birón,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,—
Without the which I am not to be won,—
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
T' enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death!
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow-laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,[181]
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth! well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

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Prin. [*to the King*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Re-enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter,—this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.—Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,[182]
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,

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When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;(183)
Tu-whit, tu-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who,—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way,—we this way.

[*Exeunt.*

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P. 163. (1) "*Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.*"

The editor of the second folio printed "—— *and keepe* them *too.*"—The modern alteration, "—— oath, *and keep it too,*" was made without regard to the line a little above,

"*Your oaths* are pass'd; and now subscribe your names,"

which shows plainly that here Shakespeare wrote "oaths."—Capell (who follows the old eds.) says, "the substantive understood is — subscription, what you subscribe." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 190.—Compare, in *The First Part of King Henry VI.* act i. sc. 1,

"*Exe.* Remember, lords, your *oaths* to Henry sworn,

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Bed. I do remember'*t*," &c.;

and in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* act iii. sc. 2,

"Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant *it*, then:"

on which passages see notes.

P. 164. (2) "*feast*"

The old eds. have "fast."

P. 165. (3) "*this*,"

The old eds. have "thus."

P. 165. (4) "*Save bare authority from others' books.*"

The old eds. have "*Saue* base," &c.—"Certainly '*bare*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 279.

P. 166. (5) "*in an abortive birth?*"

The old eds. have "*in* any *abortiue birth?*"—a mistake caught originally from the "any" in the preceding line.

P. 166. (6) "*Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled earth;*
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you—to study now it is too late—
Climb o'er the house t' unlock the little gate."

In the first line the old eds. have "—— *new-fangled* showes;" and the last line stands in the folio thus;

"That were to *clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.*"—

"'Shows,'" says Walker, "is evidently wrong. '*Mirth*' might serve as a bad prop to the rhyme, till the true reading were discovered." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 35.—Mr. Staunton, in Addenda and Corrigenda to his *Shakespeare*, observes; "'Shows' here is a manifest misprint. I would read "—— a snow

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on May's new-fangled *wreath.*"—I adopt the reading of Theobald, who remarks on the passage; "'*New-fangled shows*' seems to have very little propriety. The flowers are not *new-fangled*; but the earth is *new-fangled* by the profusion and variety of the flowers that spring on its bosom in May. I have therefore ventured to substitute '*earth*,' which restores the alternate measure."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom, in a note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c., ubi supra, writes as follows; "It appears, moreover, that '*But*' at the beginning of the second line quoted above has changed places with '*So*' at the beginning of the following couplet, for '*So*' makes nonsense where it stands even with the present text; but *qu.*, did not Shakespeare *finally* write (for the text of this play seems to have originated in a foul copy),

'*But* you'*ll* to study, now it is too late;
That were to climb o'er th' house t'unlock the gate'?

The last line is from the first folio; I have only inserted the apostrophes, to remove Mr. Collier's metrical scruples."

P. 166. (7) "*sit you out:*"

So the quarto.—The folio has "fit *you out*,"—which Boswell and Mr. Collier think may be right.—Malone conjectures "set *you out.*"—But the reading of the quarto (an expression borrowed from the card-table) is undoubtedly the true one. Compare,

"*Lewis.* . . . . . .
King of Nauar, will onely *you sit out?*"
The Tryall of Cheualry, 1605, sig. G 3.

P. 166. (8) "*swore,*"

The old eds. have "sworne."

P. 166. (9) "*A dangerous law against garrulity!*"

So Theobald (in a letter to Warburton, 1729, Nichols's *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 317), Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector.—The quarto has "—— *against* gentletie;" the folio "—— *against* gentilitie."—The old eds., having no prefix here, give this line, and the "*Item*" which follows it, to Longaville. (Mr. Grant White objects to the reading "*garrulity*," because "the law was not directed against *garrulity*, although the penalty was fatal to it,"—an over-subtle objection.)

P. 167. (10) "*that will last keep his oath.*"

"Harmony seems to require, 'that *last will* keep,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 250.

P. 167. (11) "*fashions*"

The old eds. have "fashion."

P. 167. (12) "*One whom the music*"

The two earliest eds. have "*One* who *the music;*" which (though in these plays "who" is frequently used for "*whom*") cannot with any propriety stand

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here on account of the "*whom*" in the third line: nor is it to be defended by a later passage, p. 175,

> "Consider *who* the king your father sends;
> To *whom* he sends," &c.

where the construction is altogether different.

P. 168. (13) "*a low having:*"

So Theobald.—The old eds. have "*a low* heauen."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*a low* hearing," which alteration he probably made in consequence of finding (the misprint) "hearing" in the next speech.

P. 168. (14) "*or forbear laughing?*"

Capell's correction.—The old eds. have "*or forbeare* hearing."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "and *forbear laughing.*"

P. 168. (15) "*as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *to* chime in *in the merriness,*"—to the destruction of the quibble which was evidently intended here on the word "*style.*"

P. 169. (16) "*but so-so.*"

The old eds. have "*but so.*"

P. 169. (17) "*of the*"

The old eds. have "*of* thy."—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 233).

P. 169. (18) "*vessel,—*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "vassall."

P. 169. (19) "*with—with,—*"

The old eds. have "Which *with.*"

P. 170. (20) "*the*"

The old eds. have "thy."

P. 173. (21) "*rational hind*"

Should perhaps be "irrational *hind.*"

P. 174. (22) "Dull."

The old eds. have "*Clo.* [i.e. *Clown,—Costard*]."

P. 174. (23) "*followers,*"

The old eds. have "fellowes."

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P. 175. (24) "*rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love;*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— *for your* armiger *is in love.*" But since the "*managing*" of various sorts of weapons and of arms in general is frequently spoken of by our early writers (e.g. by our author in *Richard II.* act iii. sc. 2,

"Yea, distaff-women *manage* rusty bills," &c.

and in the *Sec. Part of King Henry IV.* act iii. sc. 2,

"Come, *manage* me your caliver:"

also by Peele in his *Arraignment of Paris*,—*Works*, p. 367, ed. Dyce, 1861,

"If Mars have sovereign power to *manage* arms," &c.),

I do not choose to disturb the old text.

P. 175. (25) "*I shall turn sonnetist.*"

The old eds. have "—— *turne* sonnet."—Hanmer printed "—— *turn* sonneteer."—Dr. Verplanck reads "—— *turn* sonnets,"—an unheard-of expression; which Mr. Grant White adopts, observing that "we still speak of turning tunes or turning sentences."—Mr. Staunton, after giving the last-mentioned reading in his text, pronounces the old lection to be right: see his note (*b*) on the third scene of the sec. act of *Much Ado about Nothing.*—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *turn* sonnet-maker."—In substituting "*sonnetist*" for "sonnet" I had an eye to a line in Bishop Hall's *Satires*, of which I was reminded by Mr. Grant White's note on the present passage;

"And is become a new-found *sonnetist.*"

P. 176. (26) "*In spending your wit in the praise of mine.*"

This line is not metrical unless a strong emphasis be laid on "*your:*" and it was altered by the editor of the second folio to "*In spending* thus *your wit in praise of mine.*"

P. 176. (27) "*Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,*"

I may notice that both the quarto and the folio have the contraction "*to 's.*"

P. 176. (28) "*Longaville*"

In all probability, it should be "Lord *Longaville.*"

P. 176. (29) "*the*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 178. (30) "*Not sin to break it.*"

The old eds. have "And *sinne to breake it;*" which Johnson defends.—I adopt the reading of Hanmer, which is absolutely required by the context.

P. 179. (31) "*Being but the one-half of an entire sum*"

"Write 'th' one-half,' and pronounce '*entire*' as a trisyllable." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 92.

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P. 179. (32) "*of which*,"

The old eds. have "*of* the *which*."

P. 180. (33) "*The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.*"

Here the old eds. have "—— Rosaline *her name*;" and a little further on they make Boyet reply to Biron's inquiry about the lady in the cap, "Katherine *by good hap*."—Steevens remarks, "It is odd that Shakespeare should make Dumain inquire after Rosaline, who was the mistress of Biron, and neglect Katharine, who was his own. Biron behaves in the same manner.—Perhaps *all* the ladies wore masks except the Princess." To which remark Malone subjoins; "They certainly did. See p. 178, where Biron says to Rosaline, 'Now fair befall your *mask!*'"—I quite agree with a writer in *Notes and Queries*, iii. 163, that the "*masks*" have nothing to do with the matter, and that, from what has preceded and from what afterwards takes place, it is plain that in the present speech "*Katharine*" should be substituted for "Rosaline," and in Boyet's speech "*Rosaline*" for "Katharine." (Earlier in this scene, p. 178, the dialogue, "Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?" &c., is assigned by the quarto to Biron and *Katharine*, while the folio gives it to Biron and *Rosaline*.)

P. 181. (34) "*Rosaline, by good hap.*"

See the preceding note.

P. 182. (35) "*His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,*

. . . . . .

To feel only looking on fairest of fair:"

The meaning of these lines (which have been utterly misunderstood by Steevens and Johnson) is—"His tongue, not able to endure the having merely the power of speaking without that of seeing. . . . . That they might have no feeling but that of looking on," &c.

P. 182. (36) "Prin. *Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.*"

Here, till I noticed the passage in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 37, sqq., the modern editors, in opposition to the old copies, agreed in wrongly putting a comma after "*dispos'd*," as if the sentence were incomplete. The Princess uses "*dispos'd*" in the sense of "inclined to rather loose mirth, somewhat wantonly merry,"—thinking, as she well might, that Boyet was talking a little too freely, though Boyet, choosing to understand the word simply in the sense of "inclined," immediately adds, "*But to speak*," &c. That such is the meaning of "*dispos'd*" in the Princess's speech is put beyond all possibility of doubt by the following passages,—which are only a few of those that might be adduced;

> "*Longsh.* Say any thing but so.
> Once, Nell, thou gav'st me this.
> *Q. Elinor.* I pray, let go;
> Ye are *dispos'd*, I think.
> *Longsh.* Ay, madam; very well."
>
> Peele's *Edward I.*,—*Works*, p. 391, ed. Dyce, 1861.

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"I have lov'd a thousand, not so few.
Arn. You are *dispos'd*."
Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, act i. sc. 1.

"Widow, I'll keep you waking.
L. Heart. You are *dispos'd*, sir."
Iid., *Wit without Money*, act v. sc. 4.

"*Lucina.* The wenches are *dispos'd*."
Iid., *Valentinian*, act ii. sc. 4.

How grossly Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, has misrepresented what I had said about the word "*dispos'd*," I have shown in my *Strictures* on that ed. p. 56.

P. 183. (37) "*eyes*;"

The quarto has "eyelids;" the folio "eie."

P. 183. (38) "*thin-belly doublet*,"

i. e. thin-bellied doublet.—It is equally wrong to print here either (with the quarto) "*thin* belly's *doublet*," or "*thin* belly-doublet:" see Mr. Staunton's note (Addenda and Corrigenda to his *Shakespeare*), where a passage from Stubbes is cited, containing a mention of "doublets with *great bellies* hanging down and stuffed," &c.

P. 183. (39) "*me?*"

In the old eds. is misprinted "men."

P. 183. (40) "*penny*"

The old eds. have "penne."

P. 183. (41)

"*A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*A* messenger *well-sympathized*," &c.

P. 184. (42) "*Most rude melancholy*,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Moist-eyed *melancholy*," not understanding the passage:—nor, indeed, does Mr. Collier; to whose question, "In what way had melancholy shown itself *most rude?*" the answer is pat—"By sighing in the face of the welkin,"—for which Armado is offering an apology.

P. 184. (43) "*in them all*,"

So Tyrwhitt and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Both the quarto and the folio have "*in* thee male."

P. 184. (44) "*By virtue*,"

"Possibly, 'By *my* virtue'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 263.

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P. 185. (45) "*And stay'd the odds by adding four.*"

Here, and in the repetition, Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, bent on precision of language, alters "*adding*" to "making." But I believe that the author (however improperly) wrote "*by adding four*," i. e. by adding herself to the others so as to make the number four.

P. 185. (46) "Arm. *Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.*
Cost. *O, marry me to one Frances:*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes Armado say, "*Sirrah Costard,* marry, *I will enfranchise thee;*" and Mr. Knight, in his *Stratford Shakespeare* prints, "Marry, *Costard, I will enfranchise thee.*" But, surely, the word "*enfranchise*" is quite enough to suggest the answer of Costard, without the "marry," —which, by the by, is a term of asseveration much too common for the mouth of Armado.

P. 186. (47) "*set thee free from durance;*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 260). —The old eds. omit "*free.*"—"As Mr. Collier has rejected this correction, I may observe that the same error occurs in Donne's *Sermons*, ed. 1640, p. 235, l. 9: 'So then Calvin *is from* any singularity in that,' &c., where nobody can doubt that '*is* free *from*' is the true reading." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 187. (48) "*This senior-junior,*"

A correction which some one suggested to Theobald.—The old eds. have "*This* signior Iunios."

P. 187. (49) "*What, what! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!*"

Here the second "*what*" is a modern addition for the sake of the metre.—Mr. Samuel Bailey (*On the Received Text of Shakespeare*, p. 146) would read, "*What I* to *love! I sue! I seek a wife!*" because elsewhere in this speech we have

"And I *to* be a corporal of his field,"
"Nay, *to* be perjur'd,"
"And, amongst three, *to* love the worst of all;"
"And I *to* sigh for her! *to* watch for her!"
"*To* pray for her!"

But, if the line in question is to be made to correspond with the lines just cited, we must insert the particle "*to*," not only before "*love*," but also before "*sue*" and before "*seek.*"

P. 187. (49*) "*right,*"

Both the quarto and the folio have "aright:" but compare the next line.

P. 187. (50) "*A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,*"

Here "*whitely*" (in the old eds. "whitly") has been considered by some critics as a questionable reading, Rosaline being, as we learn from several places of the play, dark-complexioned; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*A* witty *wanton,*" &c. On the other hand, Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii.

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p. 349) cites the line with the reading "*whitely*," and quotes from North's Plutarch, "lean and *whitely*-faced fellow;" Singer remarks that "witty" must be wrong, inasmuch as Biron's whole tirade is disparaging; and Mr. Samuel Bailey (*On the Received Text of Shakespeare*, p. 147) declares that, as Biron confines himself to attacking the personal appearance of Rosaline, an epithet characterising her mental qualities would be out of place.

P. 187. (51) "*Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:*"

The "*and*" was inserted by the editor of the second folio.—(Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests to me that the word which has dropt out was perhaps "watch:" see what precedes, "And I to sigh for her! to *watch* for her!")

P. 188. (52) "*a mounting mind.*"

I may notice that this expression occurs in Peele's *Edward I.*; "Sweet Nell, thou shouldst not be thyself, did not with thy *mounting mind* thy gift surmount the rest." *Works*, p. 379, ed. Dyce, 1861.

P. 188. (53) "*coppice;*"

"The double ending breaks in upon the characteristic flow of the blank verse in this play. Qu. '*copse*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 37.

P. 188. (54) "*O heresy in fair,*"

Altered very improperly to "*O heresy in* faith" by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, who perhaps did not know that here "*fair*" is a substantive and means *beauty*.

P. 189. (55) "*Penelophon;*"

The old eds. have "Zenelophon." But in the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid*, as given in Percy's *Rel. of Anc. Engl. Poetry*, vol. i. 198, ed. 1794, the fortunate beggar is called "*Penelophon.*"

P. 189. (56) "*anatomize*"

The old eds. have "annothanize,"—which, says Mr. Knight, "is evidently a pedantic form of *annotate*; and we willingly restore the coined word." But Mr. Knight may rest assured that he is mistaken, and that "annothanize" is merely a misprint for "*annothamize*" or "*anotamize*," an old incorrect spelling of "*anatomize:*" compare *The Tragedie of Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607,

"*Anotamize* this sepulchre of shame." Sig. N 2.

(In *As you like it*, act i. sc. 1, the folio has "but should I *anathomize* him to thee," &c.; and in *All's well that ends well*, act iv. sc. 3, "I would gladly have him see his company *anathomiz'd*," &c.)—1863. I find that Mr. Staunton gives "annothanize," and Mr. Grant White "annotanize,"—*voces nihili.*

P. 191. (57) "*Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?*"

The old eds. have "*Who is the* shooter . . . . shooter?"—It appears that in Shakespeare's days *suitor* was generally (if not always) pronounced *shooter*: hence the quibbling in this dialogue.

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P. 191. (58) "*Finely put off!*"

I once suspected that these words, as well as the subsequent "*Finely put on!*" and "*Finely put on, indeed!*" should be assigned to Costard.

P. 191. (59) "*it.*"

Not in the old eds.

P. 192. (60) "*the pin.*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "*the* is in" (a repetition from the preceding line).

P. 192. (61) "*Armador*"

The quarto has "Armatho;" the folio "Armathor." Now, as Costard elsewhere is troubled with the infirmity of either forgetting or blundering in the Spaniard's name (at p. 168 he stammers out "Signior *Arm—Arm*—commends you;" and again, at p. 202, he says, "Of Dun *Adramadio*, Dun *Adramadio*"), we may conclude that it was intended he should blunder here: but (as will be seen) he does *not* blunder, if we read, with the quarto, "Armatho;" he does, if we adopt the reading of the folio, "Armathor,"—which, however, in a modern text must be "*Armador.*"

According to the old eds., at p. 190, Armado's letter is signed "*Don Adriano de* Armatho,"—at p. 195, Jaquenetta speaks of "*Don* Armatho,"—at p. 207, Sir Nathaniel mentions him as "*intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano* de Armatho,"—and, at p. 220, the King terms Moth "Armathoes *page.*" Hence it is evident, either that Shakespeare hesitated between "*Armado*" and "Armatho," or (what is most probable) that he had originally written "Armatho,"—that he afterwards preferred "*Armado*,"—and that by an oversight the former spelling was retained in some places of the Ms. of the "newly corrected and augmented" play (see the title-page of the quarto, 1598). Throughout a modern edition, therefore, the name must be invariably given with that spelling which occurs most frequently in the old copies. (In *Twelfth-Night*, act iii. sc. 2, the folio has "Maluolio is turned Heathen, a verie *Renegatho.*")

What Costard here says of Armado seems strangely out of place: and a line which rhymed to the seventh line of this speech is no doubt wanting.—1863. Mr. Staunton "has more than a suspicion that the whole passage, from 'O' my troth, most sweet jests!' &c., or, at least, from 'Armador o' the one side,' &c., down to 'Ah, heavens! it is a most pathetical nit!' belongs to the previous act, and in the original Ms. followed Costard's panegyric on the page,—'My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!' It is evidently out of place in the present scene, and quite appropriate in the one indicated."

P. 192. (62) "*o' the one side,*"

Mr. Grant White prints "*o' the* to *side,*" observing that "the original [the folio] has '*ath to the* side':" but he says nothing of the reading of the quarto (which, in fact, is the *original*), "ath toothen *side.*"

P. 192. (63) "*in* sanguis,—*blood;*"

The old eds. have "sanguis in *blood.*"

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P. 192. (64) "cœlum,—"

The old eds. have "*celo.*"—Malone appears to have thought that Holofernes was using an Italian word here, for in his note he cites Florio's *Dict.!*

P. 193. (65) "*we of taste*"

So Tyrwhitt.—The old eds. omit "*of.*"

P. 193. (66) "*set*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds have "see."—The earlier part of this speech is evidently corrupted: the whole of it ought to be in loose rhyming verse.

P. 193. (67) "*Dictynna . . . . . Dictynna,*"

Here the old eds. have "Dictisima," and in the next speech "Dictima."

P. 193. (68) "*to humour the ignorant, I have called*"

The words "*I have*" were inserted by Rowe.

P. 194. (69) "*preyful*"

If the right reading, means "pursuing prey or game:" but I suspect that we ought to read, with the second folio, "praiseful."

P. 194. (70) "Hol."

Here the old eds. have "*Nath.*"; and repeatedly afterwards in this scene they make a strange confusion of names.

P. 194. (71) "*person,*"

Here the old eds. have "parson," which Jaquenetta's preceding speech shows to be an error. (And compare her speech in p. 202, "Our *person* misdoubts it," &c.)

P. 195. (72) "*Armado:*"

The old eds. have "Armatho." See note 61.

P. 195. (73)

"*Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,*
That sings the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue."

The meaning plainly is—Celestial as thou art, O, pardon the wrong love does in singing the heavens' praise (that is, thine) with such an earthly tongue. Yet the modern editors alter the punctuation to "O pardon, love, this wrong," &c.—In the second line the old eds. omit "*the,*"—an omission, says Walker, "obviously wrong. Read, as in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, ix. 'That sings *the* heavens' praise'." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 38.

P. 195. (74) "*Here are only,*" &c.

To this the old eds. prefix "*Nath.*" See note 70.

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P. 196. (75) "Imitari"

The old eds. have "*imitarie*."

P. 196. (76) "Jaq. *Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.*"

But, as the reader knows, Biron was one of the *king's* lords; and Jaquenetta has previously said that the letter was sent to her from *Don Armado*.—Here Theobald made a very violent alteration.—Mason's remark, that "Shakespeare forgot himself in this passage," is no more satisfactory than Mr. Knight's, that "it was the vocation of Jaquenetta to blunder."

P. 196. (77) "*writing*"

The old eds. have "written."

P. 197. (78) "*Sit thee down, sorrow!*"

Here the old eds. have "Set *thee*," &c.: but previously, at p. 170, they agree in having "*Sit*."

P. 197. (79) "*The dew of night*"

The old eds. have "*The* night *of* dew,"—which "phrase," says Steevens, "however quaint, is the poet's own. He means *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks*."—We have another accidental transposition in the last line but one of this poem,—see the next note; and two more afterwards, see notes 97 and 132.

P. 198. (80) "*how far thou dost excel,*"

The old eds. have "*how farre* dost thou *excell*," &c.; by an accidental transposition (as the next line shows).

P. 198. (81) "*perjure,*"

i.e. perjurer. This word was formerly common enough (which I mention because here some editors print "perjured").

P. 198. (82) "King."

The old eds. have "*Long*."

P. 198. (83) "*Disfigure not his slop.*"

The old eds. have "—— *his* shop."—In my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 55, I expressed myself in favour of the reading "shape:" but I now adhere to "*slop*," because "The *shape* of Love's Tyburn," &c. occurs only a few lines before. (We find the singular "*slop*" in *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4, "your French *slop*.")

P. 199. (84) "*And wretched fools' secrets*"

"'—— *souls*' secrets,' I think." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 296.

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P. 199. (85) "*she is but corporal:*"

The old eds. have "*she is* not, *corporall.*"—No misprint is more common than that of "not" for "*but.*"

P. 199. (86) "*Stoops,*"

So Mr. Swynfen Jervis.—The old eds. have "Stoope."

P. 199. (87) "*I*"

Was added in the second folio.

P. 200. (88) "*can passage find;*"

Our early poets (as here) use "*can*" for "gan" or "began" in passages without number: and see Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Can.*—The copy of this poem in *England's Helicon*, 1600, has "gan *passage find.*"

P. 200. (89) "*Wish'd* . . . . . .
. . . . . *thy thorn;*—"

The old eds. have "Wish" and "*thy* throne."—Corrected in *England's Helicon.*

P. 200. (90) "*e'en*"

Added by Pope.—The more recent editors insist that no addition is required; but Walker (who had studied so profoundly the versification of our early poets) thought otherwise: he says, "Were it not for the concluding line, I should conjecture, 'Thou for *whose love* Jove.'" *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 39. —Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Thou for whom* great *Jove.*"

P. 200. (91) "*lasting pain.*"

So Capell, Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "fasting *paine.*" According to Johnson, here "fasting" means "longing, hungry, wanting;" and Mr. Grant White retains that reading at the suggestion of a friend, who defends it rather oddly.

P. 200. (92) "*Come, sir, your blush:*"

The old eds. have "*Come sir,* you *blush.*"—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 190); also by Mr. Swynfen Jervis, who was not aware that Walker had anticipated him.

P. 201. (93) "*One's hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes*"

The quarto has "One her *haires were,*" &c.; the folio, "On her *haires were,*" &c.; the other folios omit "One,"—and so the earlier editors.—I adopt the correction of Walker (*Id.* vol. iii. p. 39,—where his editor observes; "The modern received reading ['One, her *hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes*'] has two unfortunate defects: it is against sense and metre. Walker's conjecture satisfies both").

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P. 201. (94) "*Of faith infringèd, which such zeal did swear?*"

So Walker (*Id. ibid.*) and Mr. Swynfen Jervis independently.—The quarto and the folio have "*Faith infringed, which,*" &c.—The second folio gives "A *faith infringed, which such* a *zeale did sweare.*"

P. 201. (95) "*no coaches;*" &c.

The old eds. have "*no* couches," &c. (The allusion is to the king's copy of verses,—"No drop but as *a coach* doth carry thee," &c.)

P. 201. (96) "*To see a king transformèd to a gnat!*"

"Alluding to the singing of that insect, suggested by the poetry the King had been detected in." HEATH. But Theobald once conjectured "—— *transformèd to a* quat!"—which Mr. Staunton also suspects to be the true reading.

P. 202. (97) "*Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:*"

The old eds. have "*Not you* by *me, but I betray'd* to *you:*" but the sense (as Mason saw) positively requires that "by" and "to" should be transposed: compare what precedes and what follows.

P. 202. (98) "*With men like you, men of inconstancy.*"

Both the quarto and the folio have

"*With men, like men of inconstancie*"

(not, as some editors state, "*With* men-like *men,*" &c.).—The second folio has

"*With men, like men of* strang [strange] *inconstancy,*"

the line being restored to metre, but not to sense.—Mason's conjecture,

"*With* moon-*like men, of* strange *inconstancy,*"

is, no doubt, ingenious: I much prefer, however, and have adopted, Walker's correction (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 40), though Walker himself was not satisfied with it.

P. 202. (99) "*Or groan for love?*"

So the copy of the quarto belonging to the Duke of Devonshire ("*Or grone for Loue?*").—All the other (known) copies of the quarto have "*Or grone for* Ione,"—instead of which last word the folio has "Ioane;" and those who still defend that reading compare the couplet spoken by Biron at the close of act iii. (p. 187),

"*groan:*
Some men must love my lady, and some *Joan.*"

P. 202. (100) "*What present hast thou there?*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*What,* peasant, *hast thou there?*"

P. 202. (101) "*person*"

So the old eds. See p. 194; and note 71.

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P. 203. (102) "*me*"

Mr. Swynfen Jervis would read "one."

P. 203. (103) "*even*"

The old eds. have "and."—Corrected by Mr. W. N. Lettsom.

P. 203. (104) "*but*"

The old eds. have "not."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "yet;" which is not so good as Mr. Collier's own correction, "*but*."

P. 203. (105) "*quoth you?*"

Is this an interpolation?

P. 204. (106) "*wood*"

The old eds. have "word."

P. 204. (107) "*the stole of night;*"

The conjecture of Theobald,—who, however, adopted Warburton's reading, "*the* scowl *of night*."—The old eds. have "*The* Schoole *of night*." (Qy. "*the* soil *of night*"? Compare, in the opening of Chapman's *Humorous Dayes Myrth*, 1599,

"*the soyle of night*
Stickes stil vpon the bosome of the ayre."—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*the* shade *of night*."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*the* shroud *of night*.")

P. 204. (108) "*brow*"

The old eds. have "browes."

P. 204. (109) "*and*"

This "*and*" (misprinted "an") was added in the second folio.

P. 205. (110) "*Nothing so sure;*"

The quarto and the folio have "O *nothing so sure*."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 205. (111) "*Consider what you first did swear unto,—*" &c.

I give this speech as it was given by Capell, and as it assuredly ought to be given by every editor,—that is, freed from the ridiculous repetitions which encumber it in the old eds. There, after the line,

"*Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?*"

we find

"For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,

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They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, vniuersall plodding," &c.

and again, after the line,

"*And study too, the causer of your vow,*"

the old eds. have

"For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is:
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,
With our selues [*omitted in the second folio*]
Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leege)," &c.

According to the earliest edition, the quarto of 1598, *Love's Labour's lost* was "newly corrected and augmented" by the author: and nothing can be plainer than that in this speech we have two passages both in their original and in their altered shape,—the compositor having confounded the new matter with the old.—The play, as it stands in the folio, was reprinted from the quarto.

P. 205. (112) "*Why, universal plodding prisons up*
The nimble spirits in the arteries,"

The old eds. have "*Why, vniuersall plodding* poysons *vp,*" &c.; nor in the expression "poisons *up,*" taken by itself, is there anything objectionable, since "*up*" was often so used after certain verbs (*e. g.*

"Woo't *drink up* eisel?" *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.
"Enough to *stiffle* such a villain *up.*" *King John*, act iv. sc. 3):

but here the context distinctly proves that "poysons" is an error for "*prisons.*" (The folio has the same misprint in *The First Part of King Henry VI.* act v. sc. 4,

"for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my *poyson'd* voyce.")

P. 205. (113) "*beauteous*"

The old eds. have "beautis" and "beauties."

P. 206. (114) "*the voice of all the gods*
Make"

So, earlier in this speech, p. 205, we find

"In that *each of you have* forsworn his book," &c.;

and passages with the same construction occur in other plays of Shakespeare; *e.g.* in *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2,

"more than *the scope*
Of these dilated articles allow,"—

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it being very common for our early writers to put a verb plural after a nominative singular when a genitive plural intervenes. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*,

"on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sit in triumph." Act i. sc. 1.

"if he stir, *a deadly tempest*
Of huge stones fall upon us." Act v. sc. 3.

Indeed, examples of this usage might be multiplied without end. (In the present passage Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight print "Makes," though in that just quoted from *Hamlet* they retain "allow." Mr. Collier, too, observes, "Malone, following the folio, reads *Make:*" but the quarto has "*Make*" as well as the folio.)

P. 206. (115) "*humanity.*"

The old eds. have "humilitie."—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 41); and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 206. (116) "*loves*"

Hanmer printed "moves."

P. 206. (117) "*authors*"

The old eds. have "author."

P. 207. (118) "*her*"

See note 56 on *The Comedy of Errors*, p. 62 of this vol.

P. 208. (119) "*it insinuateth one of* insanire; ne intelligis, domine? *to wax frantic, lunatic.*"

The old eds. have "*it insinuateth* me *of* infamie . . . . *to* make *franticke, lunaticke.*"—The alteration of "me" to "*one*" is made by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. For the alterations "*insanire*" (in which reading I now find Walker agrees with me, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 41) and "*wax,*" I am answerable.

P. 208. (120) "*third*"

The old eds. have "last."

P. 209. (121) "*the charge-house*"

Is this a misprint? Steevens supposes it to mean "the free-school."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "large *house.*"

P. 209. (122) "*well culled, choice;*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "*well culd,* chose."

P. 209. (123) "*my*"

A modern addition.

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P. 209. (124) "*remember thy courtesy,*"

When, in my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 56, I maintained that Malone was right in supposing that here we ought to read "*remember* not *thy courtesy,*" I had forgotten the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour;* "To me, sir! What do you mean?—Pray you, *remember your court'sy.* [*Reads.*] *To his most selected friend, Master Edward Knowell.*—What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it?—Nay, *pray you, be cover'd.*" *Works*, i. 14, ed. Gifford.

P. 210. (125) "*breakings-out*"

The old eds. have "breaking *out.*"

P. 210. (126) "*Sir Nathaniel,*"

The old eds. have "*Sir* Holofernes."

P. 210. (127) "*at*"

Was added in the second folio.

P. 210. (128) "*as to present*"

Qy. "to present as"?

P. 210. (129) "*or*"

The old eds. have "and."

P. 210. (130) "*shall pass for Pompey the Great;*"

The old eds. have "*shall passe Pompey the great,*" which, says Steevens, "seems to mean, shall *march* in the procession for him, *walk* as his representative"!! Mr. W. N. Lettsom (note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 298) thinks that in this speech "*pass*" is a corruption of "present."

P. 211. (131) "*A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—*
Look you what I have from the loving king."

Walker says, "surely these lines ought to change places." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 42.

P. 211. (132) "*Past cure is still past care.*"

The old eds. have "*past* care *is still past* cure."

P. 212. (133) "*'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,*"

So Hanmer.—The old eds. have "*Ware pensals.* How? *Let me not die your debtor.*"—Elsewhere occasionally in the old copies of our author's plays "*Ho*" is spelt "How;" so in *The Merchant of Venice*, act v. sc. 1, "Peace, *how* the moone," &c.; in *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2, "*How?* Let the doore be lock'd;" in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act i. sc. 2, "From Scicion *how* the newes?" and "*How* now Enobarbus:" and for examples of that spelling in other writers see my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 57.

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P. 212. (134)

"Kath. *A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows.*"

This line is given in the old eds. to the Princess.—Both the quarto and the folio have "—— *and* I *beshrew*," &c.—"In 29 out of 31 examples, in Shakespeare, '*beshrew*' is a mere exclamatory imprecation. Here the pronoun apparently disturbs the metre; but there appears to be a still more serious ground of suspicion in the construction. It seems against natural grammar to connect with the copula an imprecation and an assertion. Pope attempted to cure the metre by omitting 'A' before 'pox'." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 212. (135) "*But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?*"

The old eds. have "*But*, Katherine, *what was sent*," &c.

P. 212. (136) "*And shape his service wholly to my hests,*
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!"

The quarto and the folio have "—— *wholly to my* deuice," &c.—The editor of the second folio, most unnecessarily altering *two* words, printed "—— all *to my* behests," &c.

P. 213. (137) "*potent-like*"

The quarto has "perttaunt *like*," the folio "pertaunt *like*."—In my former edition I printed "portent-*like*;" but I now prefer the conjecture of Singer, and of Walker (*Crit. Exam.* vol. i. p. 28), though not perfectly satisfied that it is Shakespeare's word.

P. 213. (138) "*to wantonness.*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. "*to* wantons be."

P. 213. (139) "*madam,*"

"Possibly '*madáme*' here and in some other passages of the play." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 43.

P. 213. (140) "*encounters mounted are*"

Mr. Collier gives, with his Ms. Corrector, "encounterers *mounted are*," and observes that "those who support the old reading have not told us in what way *encounters* could be mounted." Now, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. sc. 2, Mr. Collier prints

"I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true *reports*,
That drew their swords with you:"

but, to be consistent, he ought to have printed "some true *reporters*," and to have observed in a note that "those who support the old reading have not told us in what way *reports* could draw their swords."—Compare, too,

"To rouse his *wrongs*, and chase them to the bay."
King Richard II. act ii. sc. 3.

(which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters to

"To rouse his *wrongers*, chase them to the bay.")

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and

"Nay, Warwick, single out some other *chase*;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death."
Third Part of King Henry VI. act ii. sc. 4.

and

"Which are to France the spies and *speculations*
Intelligent of our state," &c. *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 1.

(where Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, regardless of the metre, alters "*speculations*" to "spectators.")

To conclude; in all these five passages, by a usage not uncommon with poets, the abstract is put for the concrete,—"*encounters*" for "encounterers," "*reports*" for "reporters," "*wrongs*" for "wrongers," "*chase*" for "object of chase," and "*speculations*" for "speculators."

P. 213. (141) "*That charge their breath against us?*"

Mr. Collier reads most absurdly, with his Ms. Corrector, "*That charge* the breach *against us?*"—Compare *Much Ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. 1, "Sir, I shall meet *your wit* in the career, an you *charge it against* me."

P. 214. (142) "*To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.*"

"Mr. Collier's annotator, for '*solemn* tears' reads '*sudden* tears' [and so Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector], which is, at least, a very plausible suggestion. But whether we have *sudden* or *solemn* tears, I cannot help believing the line should run,—'To check their *folly's passion*,' &c." STAUNTON.

P. 214. (143) "*apparell'd thus,—*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 71) suspects that a line is lost after these words.

P. 214. (144) "*love-suit*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and Walker (*Id. ibid.*).—The old eds. have "Loue-*feat.*"

P. 215. (145) "*her*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "his."

P. 215. (146) "*ne'er*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "ere."

P. 215. (147) "Boyet. *Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.*"

The old eds. give this line to "Ber."—Theobald assigned it to Boyet, and rightly beyond all doubt. Boyet here, as afterwards, catches at the words of Moth, in order to confuse him: hence, p. 220, the King exclaims,

"A blister on his [i. e. Boyet's] sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!"

Biron, as the context shows, is now only full of anxiety that the address may be correctly spoken.

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P. 217. (147*) "*The music,*" &c.

The old eds. give this line to Rosaline.

P. 218. (148) "*wits.*
Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits."

Here (and here only) both the quarto and the folio have "*Muscovits,*"—for the sake of an exact rhyme.

P. 218. (149) "*kingly-poor flout!*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (most probably because he saw in the sixth line above, "dry-beaten with pure scoff") reads "killed by pure *flout;*" on which Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 26) very justly remarks, "The succeeding line, had it been attended to by the corrector, would have shown him that *kill'd* could not be the misprinted word, for the Princess continues,

'Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?'"

Mr. Singer less happily adds, "I have no doubt we should read, 'stung by *poor flout*'."—That "*kingly-poor flout*" is right, I agree with Mr. Grant White, who observes that it "refers to the King's lame retort at parting."

P. 218. (150) "*O,*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 219. (151) "*the*"

Added in the third folio.

P. 220. (152) "*Till this man show'd thee?*"

The old eds. have "*Till this* madman *shew'd thee?*"—an error which, as Walker suggests (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 321), perhaps originated in the "*madam*" of the next line.

P. 221. (153) "*Fair gentle-sweet,*"

"*Fair*" was added in the second folio.—(In Day's *Law Trickes*, 1608, we find "God save, *faire sweete.*" Sig. B 4.)

P. 222. (154) "*swoon!*"

The quarto has "sound;" the folio "swound" (but instances of the spelling "swoon" occur in the folio).

P. 222. (155) "*spruce affectation,*
. . . . . .
. . . *maggot ostentation:*"

The old eds. have "*spruce* affection," &c.

P. 224. (156) "*That smiles his cheek in years,*"

Here "*years*" has been altered to "fleers" and to "jeers." But the old reading seems to be right, meaning "one who, by continual grinning, smiles his face *into wrinkles:*" "*in*" was often used for "into."

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P. 224. (157) "*manage*,"

Some copies of the quarto have "nuage," others, with the folio, "manager."

P. 225. (158) "*to pursent one man,—e'en one poor man,—*"

The old eds. have "*to* perfect *one man* in *one poore man.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 298) proposed "*pursent:*" Malone made the correction "*e'en.*" (Compare Costard's second speech in this scene.)

P. 225. (159) "*Pompion*"

Here the old eds. have "Pompey;" but, just before, "*Pompion.*"

P. 225. (160) "*Where zeal strives to content, and the contents*
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,"

The old eds. have "Dies *in the zeale of* that *which it presents;*" and a critic in *Notes and Queries*, vol. viii. p. 120, strenuously defends the original reading.—The passage has been altered in various ways: I give it as given by Malone (who understands "*which*" in the sense of "who," and supposes that the necessity of the rhyme forced the poet to write "*presents*" instead of "present").

P. 226. (161) "*Abate throw at novum,*"

Malone printed "*Abate* a *throw at novum.*"—The editor of the second folio substituted "A bare *throw at Novum.*"

P. 226. (162) "*and the whole world again*
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein."

So the quarto: and compare *The First Part of King Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 4, "Could *the world pick thee out* three such enemies, again," &c.—The folio has "*Cannot* pricke *out,*" &c.,—which Malone defends by saying that "our author uses the same phrase in his 20th Sonnet *in the same sense.*" It is necessary, therefore, that I cite the line,—"But since she [i. e. Nature] *prick'd* thee *out* for women's pleasure," &c.

P. 227. (163) "Prin. *Stand aside, good Pompey.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives this speech to the King; some of the earlier editors give it to Biron.

P. 227. (164) "*Great Hercules is presented by this imp,*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 98) would read "*Great* Hercules' *presented,*" &c.,—the apostrophe showing the elision of "*is.*"

P. 228. (165) "[Moth retires."

The old eds. have "*Exit Boy.*"—Here the modern editors, with the exception of Capell, retain the "*Exit,*"—unaccountably forgetting that *afterwards in this scene* (p. 230) *Moth speaks to his master.*

P. 228. (166) "*Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!*"

"Pronounce '*Maccabæus*' with the *æ* broad, like the *ai* in '*baited;*' for no

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one who knows Shakespeare can doubt that a quibble is intended." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 45.

P. 229. (167) "*Hector's.*"

The old eds. have "Hector."

P. 229. (168) "*fight ye*"

The old eds. have "*fight*, yea."

P. 229. (169) "[Biron steps to Costard, whispers him, and then returns to his place."

The old eds. have "*Berowne steppes forth.*"—Mr. Grant White substitutes "BIRONE *goes out*," with the following note: "Since Capell's edition, it has been the universal practice to make Birone whisper Costard, who is kept on the stage,—a very clumsy arrangement, as well as inconsistent with the original direction. This direction shows, that, although no entrance is marked in the original, Costard (whose exit is there directed when the Princess says, 'Stand aside, good Pompey') comes running in, crying 'The party is gone,' &c., after Birone has put him up to the trick. Mr. Collier's folio has, in the latter place, '*Enter* COSTARD *hastily, and unarmed.*'" Here Mr. Grant White, misled by some remarks of Mr. Collier, most erroneously states that, according to the old editions, Costard makes his *exit* at the words "Stand aside, good Pompey:" HIS *exit* is not set down there at all, but just before those words, is "*Exit Cu.*," i.e. Curate, Sir Nathaniel.

P. 230. (170) "*The party is gone,*"

In the old eds. these words, printed in italics, stand on a line by themselves, between this and the preceding speech; but they certainly belong to Costard.

P. 231. (171) "*Farewell, worthy lord!*
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd."

The old eds. have "—— *a* [*the second folio* "an"] humble *tongue;*" which Capell, Steevens, and Malone defend.—I adopt the reading of Theobald (and of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—Another obvious alteration, "—— *bears* but *a humble tongue*," is at variance with the context, for the Princess is not speaking of the character of her thanks, only of their scantiness.—The quarto has "*coming* too *short of thanks*," &c.; but the reading of the folio (to which Mr. Collier objects because it "makes the adverb *so* occur three times in two lines") seems more in the manner of Shakespeare.

P. 231. (172) "*The extreme part of time*"

The old eds. have "*The extreme* parts *of time.*"—Mr. Staunton, with great ingenuity, proposes "*The extreme* dart *of time;*" which agrees well with what follows in the sentence,—"at his very *loose*," for "*loose*" is a term in archery, meaning "the discharge of the arrow from the bow."

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P. 232. (173)

"Prin. *I understand you not: my griefs are dull.*
Biron. *Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;*—"

The old eds. have "—— *my griefs are* double" (*i. e.* says Malone, "1. on account of the death of her father; 2. *on account of not understanding the king's meaning*"!).—For "double" Capell substituted "deaf:" but the context proves that the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*dull*," is, beyond all doubt, the true one. (The corruption was easy—*dulle*—duble—double.)—1863. I now find that Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 45) agrees with Capell in reading "deaf:" but (though Mr. W. N. Lettsom is also opposed to me) I still prefer "dull."

P. 232. (174) "*strange*"

The old eds. have "straying."

P. 232. (175) "*misbecom'd*"

"*Perhaps* wrong." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 69.

P. 232. (176) "*them.*"

Added by Pope.

P. 232. (177) "*than this in our respects*"

The quarto has "*then this our respects;*" the folio, "*then* these are *our respects.*"

P. 233. (178) "*blossoms of your love,*
But that it bear this trial, and last love;"

"'*Last,*'" says Steevens, "is a verb. 'If it *last* love' means, if it *continue* to be love."—Mr. Staunton conjectures "—— *and last* proof,"—the scribe or compositor having repeated the word "*love*" by mistake.

P. 233. (179) "*Come challenge, challenge me*"

The old eds. have "*Come challenge* me, *challenge me.*"

P. 233. (180) "*Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.*"

After this line the old eds. have

"*Ber.* And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd [rank].
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,
A tweluemonth shall you spend, and neuer rest,
But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke,"—

all which, improved and expanded, occurs presently after. See note 111.

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P. 233. (18c*)

"Dum. *But what to me, my love? but what to me?*
A wife?
Kath. *A beard, fair health, and honesty,*" &c.

The old eds. have

"Du. *But what to me, my loue? but what to me?*
Kat. A wife? *a beard, faire health, and honestie,*" &c.—

Here, with the Cambridge Editors, I give the words "*A wife*" to Dumont.

P. 234. (181) "*continue them,*"

The old eds. have "*continue* then,"—a manifest error.

P. 235. (182) "*And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,*"

In the old eds. this line is the second of the stanza.

P. 236. (183) "*Tu-who;*"

Omitted in the old eds. both here and in the corresponding part of the next stanza.

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A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Is one of the works of Shakespeare enumerated by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c. 1598 (see the Memoir of Shakespeare); and was probably written two or three years before that date, but at what precise period we cannot determine. To suppose that the words of Titania, act ii. sc. 1, "Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain," &c., allude to the state of the weather in England in 1594, is ridiculous; nor is it less so to suppose that any particular allusion is contained in the lines on the neglect of learning, act v. sc. 1,

> "The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death
> Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary,"—

though one commentator would make them refer to Spenser's poem, *The Teares of the Muses*, 1591; another to Spenser's death (in which case, as Spenser did not die till Jan. 1598-9, the lines must have been an addition to the original text); and a third to the death of Robert Greene, in 1592.—*A Midsummer-Night's Dream* was entered to Thomas Fisher in the Stationers' Registers, Oct. 8th, 1600, and published by him in quarto during that year. Another and less accurate quarto put forth by James Roberts has the same date.—"It is probable," says Steevens, "that the hint for this play was received from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*;" but I can find little resemblance between the tale and the play, except that Theseus and Hippolyta are characters in both, and that Philostrate is Arcite's assumed name in the tale, while it is the name of the Master of the Revels in the play. With the Life of Theseus in North's *Plutarch* (translated from the French of Amiot) Shakespeare, it is plain, was acquainted. Oberon, Titania, and Puck or Robin Goodfellow, were already well-known personages in the fairy mythology when Shakespeare with such exquisite skill introduced them into *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. While composing the burlesque interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe,—a subject very popular in those days,—he seems to have had an eye to Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (see Book iv. p. 43 (v), ed. 1603).

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, duke of Athens.
EGEUS, father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } in love with Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.
QUINCE, a carpenter.
SNUG, a joiner.
BOTTOM, a weaver.
FLUTE, a bellows-mender.
SNOUT, a tinker.
STARVELING, a tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.
TITANIA, queen of the fairies.
PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.
PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, } fairies.

PYRAMUS, THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, LION, } characters in the interlude performed by the Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE—*Athens, and a wood near it.*

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A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A room in the palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent[1] in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up th' Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,—
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit Philostrate.*
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renownèd duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

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Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd[2] the bosom of my child:—
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;[3]
And stol'n th' impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—and, my gracious duke,
Be 't so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,

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In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessèd they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier-happy[4] is the rose distill'd
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwishèd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.[5]

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia:—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazèd title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,—
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine,—and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;

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My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd—
If not with vantage—as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,(6)
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
Which by no means we may extenuate—
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt Thes. Hip. Ege. Dem. and Train.*

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!(7)

Lys. Or else misgraffèd in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

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Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes!

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

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Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch,[8] fair Hermia! ere I go,
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,[9]
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll[10] give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helen,[11] is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do well,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,—
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,—
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,

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Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.(12)
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Herm.*

Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other-some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

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SCENE II. *The same. A room in* QUINCE'S *house.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is *The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe.*

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet,[13] my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks*
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein;—a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute the bellows-mender.

* *The raging rocks*, &c.] "Probably a quotation [somewhat altered?] from an old play, founded on the labours of Hercules." MALONE.

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Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisbe on you.

Flu. What is Thisbe? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—"Thisne, Thisne,"—"Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisbe dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus:—and, Flute, you Thisbe.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe's mother.—Tom Snout the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisbe's father;—Snug the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a

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summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse,—for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously.

Quin. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.(14) At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A wood near Athens.*

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, *and* PUCK.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;(15)
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.

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The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he
That frights[16] the maidens of the villagery;
Skims milk, and sometime labours in the quern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime makes the drink to bear no barm;
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Fairy, thou speak'st aright;[17]
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;

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And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loff,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room now, fairy! here comes Oberon.[18]

Fai. And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone!

Enter, from one side, OBERON, *with his Train; from the other,* TITANIA, *with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon!—Fairies, skip hence:[19]
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy-land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phyllida. Why art thou here,
Come from the furthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia,[20] whom he ravishèd?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beachèd margent of the sea,[21]

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To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine-men's-morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter cheer;[22]
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown[23]
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing[24] autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazèd world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spicèd Indian air, by night,

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Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarkèd traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—(25)
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[*Exit Titania with her Train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronèd by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred-thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,

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And the imperial votaress passèd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll[26] put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,—
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey or on busy ape,—
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,—
As I can take it with another herb,—
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.[27]
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for[28] my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?

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Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be usèd as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild-beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd,—
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger,—bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies!

Dem. I will not stay thy question;[29] let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

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Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exeunt Dem. and Hel.*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.(30)
I know a bank whereon(31) the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush(32) woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers(33) with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And(34) with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter TITANIA, *with her Train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;—

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Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

First Fairy. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Second Fairy. Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

First Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.*
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear

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When thou wak'st, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be't so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,

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On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he my master said
Despisèd the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground:—
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Nearer this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.(35)
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
[*Squeezes the flower on Lysander's eyelids.*
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Exit.*
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessèd and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lys. [*starting up*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

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Transparent Helen![36] Nature shows her art,[37]
That through thy bosom makes me see my heart.[38]
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helen now I love:[39]
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love-stories,[40] written in Love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong,—good sooth, you do,—
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

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Her. [*awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander!—what, remov'd?—Lysander! lord!—
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon[41] almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The wood. Titania lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy[42] of *Pyramus and Thisbe* that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.

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Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—"Ladies,"—or, "Fair ladies,—I would wish you,"—or, "I would request you,"—or, "I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:"—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things,—that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about

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him, to signify wall; and[43] let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake;—and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisbe, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—

Quin. "Odours, odours."

Pyr. —— odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath,[44] my dearest Thisbe dear.—
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear. [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. [*Aside, and exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. "Ninus' tomb," man:—why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

Pyr. If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only thine:—[45]

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.—Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Help! [*Exit with Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

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Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you 'bout a round,
Through bog, through bush,[46] through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout.*

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel-cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;—

Tita. [*awaking*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*sings*]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;

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So is mine eye enthrallèd to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days;—the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate,—
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, *and* MUSTARD-SEED.

Peas. Ready.
Cob. And I.
Moth. And I.
Mus. And I.
All Four. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman,—
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

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Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance,[47] good Master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforcèd chastity.
Tie up my love's[48] tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.—
Here comes my messenger.

Enter PUCK.

How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.

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Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixèd on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves,—some, hats;—from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment,—so it came to pass,—
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter HERMIA *and* DEMETRIUS.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

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Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee-deep,(49)
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look,—so dead,(50) so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:(51)
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more:—
And from thy hated presence part I so:(52)
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

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For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,—
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
[*Squeezes the flower on Demetrius's eyelids.*
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one,—
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

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Re-enter HELENA *and* LYSANDER.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.(53)
Dem. [*awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealèd white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess(54) of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

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With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia;—this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with(55) her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.(56)

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,—
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

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Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sister-vows,[57] the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and[58] is all forgot?
All school-day friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds[59] created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely[60] berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like[61] coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crownèd with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for't,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazèd at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius—
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot—
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity rather than despise.

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Her. I understand not what you mean by this.
Hel. Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks;
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have[62] any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—[63]
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come!
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiop!
Dem. No, no, sir; you
Seem to break loose,[64] take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathèd medicine! hated potion,[65] hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

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Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefóre? O me! what news, my love?(66)
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;(67)
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me!—you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet! why, so; ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,

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Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helen.(68)

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! nothing but low and little!—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.(69)

Dem. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you:
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.

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Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*
Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.
Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmèd eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,

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Troop home to churchyards: damnèd spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the Morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune, with fair-blessèd beams
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit.*

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground. [*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak agen:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! in some bush? where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

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Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, ho![70] Coward, why com'st thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Puck. Come hither: I am here.
Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt 'by this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

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Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To[71] your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the herb on Lysander's eyelids.*

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st[72]
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Naught shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The wood.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, *and* HERMIA, *lying asleep.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM; PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, *and other* Fairies *attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

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Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery Peas-blossom[73] to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones. [*Rough music.*

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.[74]

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.—[75] [*Exeunt Fairies.*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

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Enter PUCK.

Obe. [*advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours(76) for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairies(77) sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be as thou wast wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessèd power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—

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Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.
Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep![78]
Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, music! [*Still music.*]—Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horns winded within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds:
Uncouple in the western valley; go:—[79]
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.— [*Exit an Attend.*
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar[80]
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,

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The skies, the fountains,[81] every region near
Seem'd[82] all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:[83]
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[*Exit an Attendant. Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her. awake and start up.*

Good morrow, friends.—Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,

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Without the peril of th' Athenian law,—(84)

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,—
But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia,
Melted as melts the snow,(85) seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw(86) Hermia:
But, like in(87) sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit:
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens! three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, my(88) Hippolyta. [*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and Train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turnèd into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,(89)

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Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. But are you sure
That we are well[90] awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

Bot. [*awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."——Heigh-ho!—Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling!—God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of our[91] play before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it after death.[92]

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in* QUINCE'S *house.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

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Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisbe have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away!

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens. An apartment in the palace of* THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:—
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,—
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape,(92*) and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

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Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*
The. [*reads*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.—
[*Reads*] "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.—
[*Reads*] "The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary."
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.—
[*Reads*] "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous swarthy snow.(93)
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Phil. A play it(94) is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

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For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in:—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor willing[95] duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might,[96] not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposèd
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
When[97] I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

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Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

Phil. So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd.
The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter the Prologue.(93)

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know. [*Exit.*

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter the Presenter, *with* PYRAMUS *and* THISBE,(99) WALL, MOONSHINE, *and* LION, *as in dumb-show.*

Pres. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady, Thisbe is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

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This grisly beast, which by name Lion hight,(100)
The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Presenter, Pyramus, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This lime,(101) this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse,(102) my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot!—
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*

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Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisbe's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.—
Thisbe!

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*

Wall. Thus have I, wall, my part dischargèd so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go. [*Exit.*

The. Now is the mural[103] down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of them-

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selves, they may pass for excellent men.—Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.(104)

Enter LION *and* MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I one Snug the joiner am,
No lion fell,(105) nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the hornèd moon present;—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is not(106) crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the hornèd moon present;
Myself the man-i'-the-moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man-i'-the-moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am a-weary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man-in-the-moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

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Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [*roaring*] O —— [*Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. [*The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*

The. Well moused, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.(107)

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,(108)
I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.
But stay,—O spite!—
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.(109)

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus,—

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Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop :— [*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight :— [*Exit Moonshine.*
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us,—she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans,[110] *videlicet:*

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,[111]
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;

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Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue: [*Stabs herself.*
And, farewell, friends,—
Thus Thisbe ends,—
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance by two of the Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy-time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity
In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PUCK, *with a broom.*

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls[112] the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,[113]
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.

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Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;[114]
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place. [*Song and dance.*

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessèd be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despisèd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;[115]

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And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace:
Ever shall 't in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.(116)
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and Train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,—
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearnèd luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

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P. 265. (1) "*New-bent*"

The old eds. have "Now *bent*."

P. 266. (2) "*This man hath witch'd*"

So Theobald.—The quartos and the folio have "*This man hath* bewitch'd;" which the editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre, altered to "*This hath bewitch'd;*" but the omission of "*man*" is very awkward. (Boswell defends the oldest reading, talking nonsense about "a redundant syllable," &c.)

P. 266. (3) "*feigning love;*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 46) "thinks Shakespeare wrote '*feigned* love',"—which Hanmer gave.

P. 267. (4) "*earthlier-happy*"

Has been altered to "earthly happier,"—a more correct expression, doubtless: but Shakespeare (like his contemporaries) did not always write *correctly*.—"*Earthlier-happy*,"—"i. e. *more earthly-happy*." Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 27.

P. 267. (5) "*to give sovereignty.*"

"*i. e.* to give sovereignty *to*." MALONE.

P. 268. (6) "*Nedar's daughter, Helena,*"

Again, in act iv. sc. 1, mention is made of "old *Nedar's* Helena."—According to Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 30), "*Nedar* is perhaps a mistake of the printers for *Nestor*,—of course not the Pylian." Very unlikely, I think.

P. 268. (7) "*low!*"

The old eds. have "loue."

P. 270. (8) "*Yours would I catch,*"

So Hanmer.—The quartos and the folio have "Your words *I catch.*"

P. 270. (9)

"*My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "*My* hair *should catch your* hair, *my eye your eye,*" and defends the alteration thus: "As the passage stands at present, Helena wishes her *ear* may resemble the *voice* of Hermia! I conceive that, in the first place, '*heare*'—'*heare*' [a common old spelling of '*hair*'] was transformed into 'eare'—'eare' by the blunder of a transcriber. The verse was then operated upon by a sophisticator, who regarded nothing but the

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line before him, and was not aware of the true meaning of '*my eye your eye*,' but took '*catch*' in the ordinary sense, not in the peculiar sense of contracting disease, which it bears throughout this passage."

P. 270. (10) "*I'll*"

"Read '*I'd*.' I cannot but think that the frequent confusion of '*Ile*' and '*Ide*' is a misprint, not an idiom." W. N. LETTSOM. But it certainly appears that our ancestors frequently used "*will*" where we now use "would;" e.g.

> "If I *should* pay your worship those again,
> Perchance you *will* not bear them patiently."
>
> *The Comedy of Errors*, act i. sc. 2.

> "I *would* bend under any heavy weight
> That *he'll* enjoin me to."
>
> *Much ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. 1.

P. 270. (11) "*Helen*,"

The old eds. have "Helena:" but compare the first line of Lysander's next speech, and see *post*.

P. 271. (12) "*counsel sweet*,

. . . . . .
. . . . *stranger companies*."

So Theobald.—The old eds. have "*counsell* sweld" and "strange companions."

P. 272. (13) "*To the rest yet*,"

"Is simply 'To the rest now'." STAUNTON.

P. 274. (14) "*Take pains; be perfect: adieu*."

With Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, I give these words to Quince. In the old eds. they form a portion of the preceding speech.

P. 274. (15) "*moon's sphere*;"

Was altered by Steevens to "moones *sphere*." He also cited from Sidney's *Arcadia* the expression "moony *sphere*" as a probable reading in the present passage; and Mr. Grant White adopts it.

P. 275. (16) "*frights*"

"So the quartos and folio properly; and it is clear that [in the following lines] the verbs 'skims,' 'labours,' 'makes,' &c., though not so printed [in the old eds.], should be in the singular also." COLLIER. In the next line the old eds. have "sometimes:" but compare what follows.

P. 275. (17) "*Fairy, thou speak'st aright*;"

"*Fairy*" is the addition of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and far better than the other attempts that have been made to complete the metre.

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P. 276. (18) "*But room now, fairy! here comes Oberon.*"

I have inserted "*now*" for the metre's sake (which is surely preferable to the usual modern emendation, "*But* make *room, fairy!*"—To print, as some editors have done, "*But room*, Faëry," is too ridiculous).

P. 276. (19) "*Fairies, skip hence:*"

The old eds. have "Fairy *skip hence.*"—My friend the Rev. W. Harness conjectures "*Fairies*, keep *hence.*"—I formerly suggested "*Fairies*, trip *hence.*"

P. 276. (20) "*Perigenia,*"

"In North's translation of Plutarch (Life of Theseus) this lady is called *Perigouna.* The alteration was probably intentional, for the sake of harmony. Her real name was *Perigune* [Περιγούνη, Plut. in *Thes.* cap. viii.]." MALONE. Theobald prints "Perigune," Hanmer "Perigyne," and Mr. Grant White "Perigouna."—In the next line the old eds. have "Eagles."

P. 276. (21) "*Or in the beachèd margent of the sea,*"

I have not followed the modern editors in altering "*in*" to "on," because here Shakespeare may have written "*in*" (which was often used for "on"). So in *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 6, "Gold strew'd *i'* the floor" (where Boswell cites from the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done *in* earth").—1863. I now find that Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Staunton also retain "*in*" here.—But Mr. W. N. Lettson observes to me; "Is it not hazardous to retain '*in* the beachèd margent,' when Shakespeare has written, in *A Lover's Complaint*, '*Upon* whose margent weeping she was set'? It is true that *in* is frequently used before *earth, mountain, hill*, and the like; but this scarcely warrants '*in* the *floor*,' for the word *floor* seems to give exclusively the notion of *surface*; while the other words express also *abode* or *locality*. It is, besides, not merely more or less probable, but positively certain, that printers confound these prepositions; as, for instance, in *King Richard III.* act v. sc. 1,

'To turn their own points *on* their masters' bosoms;'

where the folios have *in*, the quartos *on.*"

P. 277. (22) "*want their winter cheer;*"

The conjecture of Theobald.—The old eds. have "*want their winter* heere," which is proved to be nonsense by the attempts to explain it.

P. 277. (23) "*And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown*"

So Tyrwhitt.—The old eds., by the slightest possible misprint, have "—*Hyems chinne and icy crown;*" and accordingly in most of the modern editions Hiems figures with a chaplet of summer-buds *on his chin*: see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 46.

P. 277. (24) "*childing*"

i. e. teeming.—But Hanmer and Capell print "chiding."

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P. 278. (25) "*Following,—her womb then rich with my young squire,—*"

So the old eds.—Kenrick and Farmer would make the parenthesis begin sooner, thus,

. . . . . "gait,—
Following her womb, then rich with my young squire,—"

"which," observes Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "I think right. M. Mason's objection [that 'every woman who walks forward must *follow her womb*'] appears to me to be 'naught.' Perhaps Collier's Corrector was right in altering '*rich*' to 'ripe:' see line 3 below."

P. 279. (26) "*I'll*"

"Here too," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "the sense requires '*I'd*;' and so the Old Corrector [whom, however, Mr. Collier does not follow here]. '*I'll*,' moreover, begins two lines in the next speech." See note 10.

P. 279. (27) "*The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.*"

Thirlby's correction.—The old eds. have "*The one Ile* stay, *the other* stayeth *me.*"

P. 279. (28) "*for*"

"Qy. 'though'?" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 280. (29) "*question;*"

i. e. discourse, conversation,—Steevens's conjecture, which also occurred to Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 248.).—The old eds. have "questions."

P. 281. (30)

"*Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.*
Puck. *Ay, there it is.*
Obe. *I pray thee, give it me.*"

"The first part of each of these two verses," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "is inconsistent with the second part. Should we not read and point?

'*Hast thou the flower there*, welcome wanderer?
Puck. *Ay*, here *it is.*
Obe. *I pray thee, give it me.*'"

Mr. Swynfen Jervis proposes, "Welcome, wanderer. Hast thou the flower there?"

P. 281. (31) "*whereon*"

The old eds. have "where"—which Malone supposed to be used here as a dissyllable!

P. 281. (32) "*lush*"

So Theobald and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "lushious."

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P. 281. (33) "*these flowers*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*these* bowers."—"Oddly enough, Knight has attacked the Ms. Corrector's reading, 'bowers,' with a string of absurdities; while Grant White, who adopts it, makes a remark that is conclusive against it, viz. that 'a bank,. overcanopied with woodbine, muskroses, and eglantine, is certainly a bower.' I strongly suspect that the genuine reading is 'this bower.' Probably 'bower' was in the first instance miswritten '*flower*;' then succeeded the sophistication '*these flowers*,' an awkward attempt to procure sense." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 281. (34) "*And*"

Hanmer substituted "There."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "Now."

P. 284. (35) "*Nearer this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.*"

The old eds. have "Neere *this lacke-loue*," &c.—Pope printed "Near to *this*," &c.—Theobald, retaining Pope's "to," threw out the words "*this lack-love*.' —"Read *nearer* for *neare*. The force of *nearer*, and Lysander's discourtesy (as it appeared to our friend Puck), are explained by the scene immediately preceding between Lysander and Hermia." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 52.

P. 285. (36) "*Transparent Helen!*"

The old eds. have "*Transparent* Helena."—"Read '*Helen*,' as in half a dozen other passages in this play." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 230. So some of the earlier editors.

P. 285. (37) "*Nature shows her art,*"

So Malone.—The quartos have "*nature shewes arte.*"—The folio has "*nature* her *shewes art;*" which in the second folio was altered to "*nature* here *shewes art.*"

P. 285. (38) "*That through thy bosom makes me see my heart.*"

The old eds. have "—— *see* thy *heart.*"—Read, says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 300), "'*my* heart.' The old poetical commonplace; *e.g.*, *As you like it*, v. 4,

'That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.'

Compare *Sonnet* cxxxiii.,

'Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward.'"

P. 285. (39) "*Not Hermia, but Helen now I love:*"

In this line all the old eds. have "Helena." Fisher's quarto omits "*now.*" Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 230) observes, "I do not think, however, that '*now*' can be dispensed with. Read '*Helen*' [which occurs several times in this play]."

P. 285. (40) "*Love-stories,*"

The old eds. have "Loues *stories.*"—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 255).

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P. 286. (41) "*swoon*"

So Fisher's quarto ("*swoune*").—The other old eds. "swound" and "sound."

P. 286. (42) "*There are things in this comedy*"

"Qu. 'There are *three* things,' &c. See what follows. I think, indeed, it is required." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 256.

P. 288. (43) "*and*"

The old eds. have "or,"—a mistake occasioned by "or" occurring twice just before.

P. 288. (44) "*Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—*

. . . . . .

So hath thy breath,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads, "—— *the flowers* have *odious*," &c.—Pope altered "*So hath*," &c. to "*So* doth," &c.

P. 288. (45) "Pyr. *If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only thine:*—"

"Perhaps we ought to point thus; 'If I were [*i. e.* as true, &c.], fair Thisbe, I were only thine.'" MALONE. "There cannot be a doubt of it, if we absolutely insist upon making Bully Bottom speak sensibly, which Shakespeare has taken some pains to show he was never designed to do." STAUNTON.

P. 289. (46) "*Through bog, through bush,*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*Through bog*, through brook, *through bush*."

P. 291. (47) "*I desire you of more acquaintance,*"

Here the old eds. omit "*of*," by an evident error. Compare the two preceding speeches of Bottom. ("The same mode of expression occurs in *Lusty Juventus*, a morality; 'I shall desire *you* of better acquaintance.' Such phraseology was very common to many of our early writers." STEEVENS.)

P. 291. (48) "*love's*"

The old eds. have "louers."

P. 293. (49) "*knee-deep,*"

The correction of Coleridge, and approved by Walker.—The old eds. have "the *deep*."

P. 293. (50) "*dead,*"

If the right word, must mean (as Mr. Grant White observes) "pallid."—Some of the earlier editors print "dread."

P. 293. (51) "*on a mispris'd mood:*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "in *a mispris'd* flood."

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P. 293. (52) "*so*:"

Inserted by Pope.

P. 295. (53) "*Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 49) suspects that a line is lost after this one.

P. 295. (54) "*princess*"

Altered by Hanmer to "pureness," and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "impress" (which Mr. Collier himself had previously suggested).—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "purest."

P. 296. (55) "*with*"

The old eds. have "to" (an error occasioned by the "to" immediately below).

P. 296. (56) " . . . *aby it dear.*—
. . . *yonder is thy dear.*"

"Possibly 'aby it *here*' (*heere—deare*)." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 307.

P. 297. (57) "*sister-vows,*"

Here the old eds. have "sisters *vowes*;" and a little below "schooledaies *friendship*" (though in the same line with "*childhood innocence*").

P. 297. (58) "*and*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 297. (59) "*neelds*"

The old eds. have "needles:" but there can be little or no doubt that Shakespeare wrote "*neelds*,"—which was a very common contraction of "needles."

P. 297. (60) "*lovely*"

Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "loving." But was not "*lovely*" sometimes used as equivalent to "loving"? Compare our author's *Taming of the Shrew*, act iii. sc. 2,

"And seal the title with a *lovely* kiss."

also,

"And I will give thee many a *lovely* kiss."
Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*,—*Works*, p. 358, ed. Dyce, 1861.

"A father, brother, and a vowèd friend.
K. of Eng. Link all these *lovely* styles, good king, in one."
Greene's *James IV.*,—*Works*, p. 189, ed. Dyce, 1861.

P. 297. (61) "*like*"

The old eds. have "life."

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P. 298. (62) "*have*"

Altered to "had" by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—But see note 10.

P. 298. (63) "*prayers.—*"

The old eds. have "praise."

P. 298. (64) "*No, no, sir; you*
Seem to break loose,"

So the folio, except that it has not "*you*," which I have added at the suggestion of Mr. W. N. Lettsom.—The quartos have

"*No, no:* heele
Seeme to breake loose."

P. 298. (65) "*hated potion,*"

The old eds. have "*O hated potion*" (and "poison").

P. 299. (66) "*what news, my love?*"

If the right reading, is equivalent to "what novelty is this, my love?"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*what* means *my love?*" But we have a passage in *The Taming of the Shrew*, act i. sc. 1, which makes that alteration a doubtful one: there Lucentio exchanges dress with his servant Tranio; presently Lucentio's other servant, Biondello, enters, and exclaims in great surprise,

"Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, *what's the news?*"—

Mr. Staunton, after adopting the Ms. Corrector's alteration, observes in the Addenda and Corrigenda to his *Shakespeare*, "I should now adhere to the old text."

P. 299. (67) "*of question, doubt;*"

The old eds. have "*of question*, of *doubt.*" ("For the omission of the last preposition, compare 'Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,' act ii. sc. 1." W. N. LETTSOM.)

P. 300. (68) "*Helen.*"

The old eds. have "Helena."—"Read '*Helen*' [which occurs in various passages of this play], to avoid the trisyllabic termination." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 230.

P. 300. (69) "*to try whose right,*
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena."

See note 42 on *The Tempest.*

P. 303. (70) "*ho.*"

This fourth "*ho*" is not in the old eds.

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P. 304. (71) "*To*"

Not in the old eds.

P. 304. (72) "*Thou tak'st*"

Tyrwhitt and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "See *thou tak'st*;" but "See" would require "take." An earlier emendation was "Next, *thou tak'st*."—Compare, above, "Sleep sound."

P. 305. (73) "*Peas-blossom*"

The old eds. have "Cobweb." "Without doubt," says Grey, "it should be *Cavalero Peas-blossom*: as for *Cavalero Cobweb*, he had just been dispatched upon a perilous adventure."

P. 305. (74) "*The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.*"

The old eds. have "—— *and fetch thee new nuts.*"—I adopt what appears to me the best of the modern emendations: the others are "—— *and fetch* for *thee new nuts*," and "—— *and fetch thee* the *new nuts*."—Steevens defends the original reading, on the supposition that here "*hoard*" is a dissyllable!

P. 305. (75) "*be all ways away.*—"

Here Theobald altered the "alwaies" of the old eds. to "*all ways*"—with the explanation, "disperse yourselves, and scout out severally, in your watch, that danger approach us from no quarter."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*be* a while *away*."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom suspects that this line and the preceding one ought to change places.

P. 306. (76) "*Seeking sweet favours*"

So Fisher's quarto.—Roberts's quarto and the folio have "—— *sweet* savors." ("These [fair women] with syren-like allurement so entised these quaint squires, that they bestowed all their *flowers* vpon them for *fauours*." Greene's *Quip for an Vpstart Courtier*, sig. B 2, ed. 1620).—I now find (1863) that the reading "*favours*" is adopted by Mr. Halliwell (who quotes my note on the passage), by Mr. Staunton, and by Mr. Grant White (though the last-mentioned gentleman in his *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. had maintained the superiority of "savours").

P. 306. (77) "*fairies*"

The old eds. have "Fairy."

P. 307. (78) "*music, such as charmeth sleep!*"

Here Mr. Collier writes; "After these words in the folio, 1623, we have the stage-direction, 'Music still;' which means, probably, that the music was to be heard for a while, and to cease before Puck spoke, as Oberon afterwards exclaims, 'Sound, music!' when it was to be renewed." Now, nothing can be plainer than that "*Music still*" means *still* or *soft music*; and that, instead of "ceasing before Puck spoke," it was not intended to commence at all till Oberon had exclaimed "Sound, music!" The stage-direction (as is often the case with stage-directions in old plays) was placed thus early, to warn

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the musicians to be in readiness. Mr. Collier continues; "If, as Mr. Dyce ('Remarks,' 48) suggests, 'still music' had been meant, the direction would not have been 'music still':"—yes, Mr. Collier ventures so to write,—*trusting that none of his readers will take the trouble to refer to my Remarks*, where I have quoted from the old eds. of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Triumph of Time* the following stage-direction, in which the epithet applied to '*Trumpets*' IS PUT LAST,—"*Jupiter and Mercury descend severally.* Trumpets small *above.*" —Mr. Staunton (who adheres to the folio in placing the stage-direction "*Music still*" immediately after Titania's speech) observes; "We apprehend, by '*Music still*' or '*Still music*,' was meant *soft, subdued music*, such music as Titania could command,—'as charmeth sleep;' the object of it being to—

'—— strike more dead
Than common sleep ——.'

This being effected, Oberon himself calls for more stirring strains while he and the Queen take hands—

'And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.'"

I am glad to find that Mr. Staunton agrees with me as to the meaning of the words "*Music still.*" I cannot, however, agree with him in the rest of his explanation. I believe that the music is not heard till Oberon echoes Titania's call for it; and that to the said *still* or *soft* music (the sole object of which is to lull the five sleepers) some sort of a *pas de deux* is danced by the fairy king and queen.

P. 307. (79) "*go:*—"

The old eds. have "*let them* go."

P. 307. (80) "*When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar*"

The old eds. have "—— *bayed the* beare."—"Dyce's conjecture, '*boar*' (*Remarks*, p. 49,—or is he referring to another critic who has proposed it?) deserves attention. The story of Meleager would be sufficient to suggest it to Shakespeare." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 50.—Hanmer substituted "*boar*" for "bear," and was followed by Capell.—The old lection is retained by Mr. Grant White, who says; "Passages in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, Holinshed's *Chronicles*, Pliny, and Plutarch, so justify this text, that it must remain undisturbed; but I believe that the easiest of all misprints in Shakespeare's time was made, and that we should read that Hercules and Cadmus 'bayed the *boar*' in a wood of Crete. This is also Mr. Dyce's opinion." The "passages" above mentioned (for which see the *Var. Shakespeare*) formerly weighed little with me; now they weigh nothing.

P. 308. (81) "*fountains,*"

Though the following lines of Virgil have been adduced to show that "*fountains*" is right,—

"Tum vero exoritur clamor, ripæque *lacus*que
Responsant circa, et cœlum tonat omne tumultu,"—

I am by no means sure that our author did not write "mountains."

P. 308. (82) "*Seem'd*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "Seeme."

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P. 308. (83) "*Nedar's Helena:*"
See note 6.

P. 309. (84) "*our intent*
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of th' Athenian law,—"
So Fisher's quarto (which has a comma after "*law,*" as if to show that the speech is interrupted by Egeus). Roberts's quarto and the folio make the sentence complete by very awkwardly adding "be" to the second line,
"—— *where we might* be
Without the peril of the Athenian law."
Perhaps Hanmer was right when he printed
"—— *where we might*
Be *without peril of th' Athenian law.*"

P. 309. (85) "*Melted as melts the snow,*"
Here I have inserted "*melts*" for the metre.—Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "*Melted as* doth *the snow,*"—which is scarcely grammar.—Mr. Staunton suggests "All *melted as the snow,*" which is perhaps objectionable on account of "all" in the third line after.

P. 309. (86) "*saw*"
The old eds. have "see."

P. 309. (87) "*in*"
The old eds. have "a."

P. 309. (88) "*my*"
Not in the old eds.

P. 309. (89) "*jewel,*"
"For '*jewel*' Warburton proposed to read '*gemell,*' from *gemellus,* a twin; a substitution preferable to any explanation yet given of the text as it stands." STAUNTON.

P. 310. (90) "*But are you sure*
That we are well awake?"
So Capell.—The words "*But*" and "*well*" are not in the quartos. (The folio omits all this.)—"Capell's insertions seem to me to improve the sense as well as restore the metre. I had hit upon the same conjectures long before I became acquainted with Capell." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 310. (91) "*of our play*"
So Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 321).—The old eds. have "*of* a *p'lay.*"

P. 310. (92) "*after death.*"
So Theobald.—The old eds. have "at her *death.*"

P. 312. (92*) "*shape,*"
The old eds. have "shapes."

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P. 313. (93) "*swarthy snow.*"

Mr. Staunton's conjecture.—The old eds. have "strange *snow.*"—Hanmer printed "scorching *snow.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "seething *snow.*"

P. 313. (94) "*it*"

So Hanmer.—The old eds. have "there" (which must be wrong).—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "this" (which is objectionable on account of the "*this*" immediately above).

P. 314. (95) "*willing*"

The not unhappy addition of Theobald to a line which even Malone allows to be mutilated in the old eds.

P. 314. (96) "*might,*"

"In some German phrases, *mag* and *möchte*, which answer to our *may* and *might*, are used to express *will, liking, inclination*, and so forth, though *macht*, the substantive, is not, I believe, so employed. Here, however, Shakespeare seems to have used our substantive, *might*, to express *will*." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 314. (97) "*When*"

The old eds. have "Where."

P. 315. (98) "Enter the *Prologue.*"

The folio adds "Quince."

P. 315. (99) "Enter the *Presenter*, with PYRAMUS and THISBE," &c.

The quartos have "*Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moon-shine, and Lyon;*" and prefix "*Prologue*" to the speech which follows.—The folio has "*Tawyer with a Trumpet before them. Enter Pyramus and Thisby,*" &c., and gives the contracted prefix "*Prol.*"—I now adopt the alteration made here by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, which formerly I was content to mention as being very specious. It has also been recently adopted by Mr. Grant White.—"The argument of the play," Mr. Collier observes, "was to be made intelligible, with a due observation of points, and could not properly be given to the same performer who had delivered the prologue, purposely made so blunderingly ridiculous."

P. 316. (100) "*by name Lion hight,*"

So Theobald.—The old eds. have "Lyon hight by name."

P. 316. (101) "*lime,*"

The old eds. have "lome" and "loame."

P. 316. (102) "*It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse,*"

"I believe the passage should be read, 'It is the wittiest *partition* that ever I heard *in discourse*,' alluding to the many stupid *partitions* in the argumentative writings of the time." FARMER.

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P. 317. (103) "*mural*"

So Theobald (who first suggested "mure all").—The old eds. have "Moon vsed" and "morall."—Mr. Grant White prints "moral," and elaborately defends it.

P. 318. (104) "*a moon and a lion.*"

The old eds. have "*a* man *and a lyon*" (and "*lion*").

P. 318. (105) "*Then know* . . . . .
No lion fell," &c.

The old eds. have "A *lyon* (and "*lion*") *fell,*" &c.—"Mr. Barron Field, in the Shakespeare Society's Papers, vol. ii. p. 58, proposes to read [what Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives],

'Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A *lion's* fell [*i. e.* lion's skin], nor else no lion's dam.'

Perhaps rightly, if '*A*' can be tolerated. But surely Shakespeare wrote and pointed,

'Then know that I one Snug the joiner am,
No lion fell, nor else,' &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 262.

"Mr. Barron Field proposed for '*A lion fell*' to read '*A lion's fell,*' which is extremely ingenious; but in the rehearsal of this scene Snug is expressly enjoined to show his face through the lion's neck, tell his name and trade, and say, 'If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: *No*, I am no such thing,' &c. I am disposed, therefore, if '*nor*' is not to be taken as relating to both members of the sentence, to read,

'*No* lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;'

i. e. neither lion nor lioness." STAUNTON. The fact that Rowe and the earlier editors read "No," seems to have escaped both Walker and Mr. Staunton.—Singer and Mr. Grant White print "A lion-fell."—I now (1863) cannot help suspecting that here *Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector borrowed his new lection from Mr. Field.*

P. 318. (106) "*not*"

So Mr. Collier.—The old eds. have "no."

P. 319. (107) "Dem. *And then came Pyramus.*
Lys. *And so the lion vanished.*"

Steevens calls this a "glaring corruption;" and so probably it is.—Farmer's alteration,—

"*Dem. And* so comes *Pyramus.*
Lys. And then *the* moon vanishes,"—

used to keep its place in the text till Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight restored the old reading. Mr. Collier remarks that, "as there is no necessity for making any change, it ought to be avoided;" but he adds nothing in the way of explanation. "Demetrius and Lysander," observes Mr. Knight, "do not profess to have any knowledge of the play; it is Philostrate who has 'heard it

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over.' They are thinking of the classical story." Now, if they had *no knowledge of the play*, they must have been sound asleep during the Dumb-show and the laboured exposition of the Presenter at p. 315. And if they were "thinking of the classical story," they must have read it in a version different from that of Ovid; for, according to his account, the "lea sæva" had returned "in silvas" *before the arrival of Pyramus*,—who, indeed, appears to have been somewhat slow in keeping the assignation, "Serius egressus," &c. (Compare, too, the long and tedious *History of Pyramus and Thisbie* in the *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578,—p. 171 of the reprint).—1863. Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes; "Should not we transpose these lines, and read,

> '*Lys.* And so the *lion's* vanished.
> *Dem. Now* then *comes* Pyramus'?"—

Mr. Swynfen Jervis would transpose the lines without altering the words.

P. 319. (108) "*gleams*,"

"Fol. '*beams*:'—'*streams*' originated in the second folio. I think the alliteration requires '*gleams*' [which Mr. Knight conjectured]. Aliter tamen Dycius, *Remarks*, p. 49." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 52. In the volume referred to, I showed, at (perhaps too) great length, that from the earliest times the word "*stream*" was formerly used in the sense of "ray." But (since the readings of the second folio are certainly made on no authority) I now, in deference to Walker's opinion, adopt "*gleams*,"—though a word which is not elsewhere employed by Shakespeare.

P. 319. (109) "*This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.*"

An American critic (Mr. Grant White), in *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* for October 1853, p. 393, writes as follows; "The humor of the present speech consists in coupling the ridiculous fustian of the clown's assumed passion with an event which would, in itself, make a man look sad. Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector extinguishes the fun at once, by reading, 'This passion *on* the death of a dear friend,' &c. And, incomprehensible as it is, Mr. Collier sustains him by saying that the observation of Theseus 'has particular reference to the *passion* of Pyramus on the fate of Thisbe'!"—Mr. Staunton asks,—"Had he [the Ms. Corrector] never heard the old proverbial saying, 'He that loseth his wife and sixpence, *hath lost a tester*'?"

P. 320. (110) "*And thus she moans*,"

So Theobald.—The old eds. "—— *she* meanes."—Mr. Staunton observes *ad l.*, that the change was made by Theobald, "perhaps without necessity, as *means* appears formerly to have sometimes borne the same signification. Thus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act v. sc. 4,

> 'The more degenerate and base art thou,
> To make such *means* for her as thou hast done.'"

But in that passage, "To *make* such *means*" surely signifies (as Steevens explains it) "to make such interest for, take such pains about."

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P. 320. (111) "*These lily lips,*
This cherry nose,"

A corrupted passage.—Theobald, for the sake of the rhyme, altered "*lips*" to "brows."—The Ms. Corrector reads

"This *lily* lip,
This cherry tip,"—

"in allusion,"—as Mr. Collier carefully informs us,—"to the *tip of the nose* of Pyramus."

P. 321. (112) "*behowls*"

The old eds. have "beholds."

P. 321. (113) "*Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,*"

I cannot but wonder that any editor should print here, with Roberts's quarto and the folio, "scritch-*owl*" and "scritching," when the best of the old eds., Fisher's quarto, has "*scriech-owle*" and "*scrieching.*"

P. 322. (114) "*Through the house give glimmering light,*
By the dead and drowsy fire;"

A most perplexing passage.—Johnson conjectured

"*Through this* [*the*] *house* in *glimmering light,*" &c.

Mr. Grant White prints

"Though *the house give glimmering light,*" &c.;

and says that Oberon "directs every elf and fairy sprite to hop as light as bird from brier, *though* the house give glimmering light by the dead and drowsy fire,"—which reading and note, I must confess, are to me not quite intelligible.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures

"*Through* this hall go *glimmering light,*" &c.

P. 322. (115) "*Shall upon their children be.*
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait," &c.

The punctuation of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector is,

"Shall upon their children be,
With this field-dew consecrate.
Every fairy take his gait," &c.—

which Mr. Collier adopts as "decidedly accurate." He tells us that "*the fairies* were not to be 'with this field-dew *consecrate;*' *they* could not need it,"—altogether misunderstanding the line, which means, "with this *consecrated field-dew,*" i. e. fairy holy-water; and when he adds, that the field-dew was intended for "the children," he most unaccountably forgets that, as "the couples three" *have only just retired to their respective bridal chambers,* the usual period must elapse before the birth of "the children;"—by which time "THIS field-dew" (so very prematurely provided) was not unlikely to lose its virtue, and even to evaporate, though in the keeping of fairies.

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P. 323. (116) "*Ever shall't in safety rest,*
And the owner of it blest."

So the old eds., except that, instead of "*shall't,*" they have "shall."—Rowe in his sec. ed. printed "*Ever shall* it safely *rest.*"—Malone retains the reading of the old copies ("*Ever shall in safety rest*"),—"because," he says, "there are many other instances, in these plays, where the nominative case is not expressed, but understood;" and he adds that "Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read '*E'er* shall *it* in safety rest,'"—a mistake, for Pope adopted the reading of Rowe's sec. ed.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives the lection which Malone erroneously attributes to Pope.—Mr. Staunton was the first to print

"And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest;"

it having been suggested to him "by Mr. Singer, and by an anonymous correspondent, that the difficulty in the passage arose from the printer's having transposed the two last lines." But I cannot agree with Mr. Grant White in thinking that this "correction is at once the simplest and the most consistent with the form and spirit of the context:" I must be allowed to prefer my own correction,—the addition of a single letter. And compare the words of the supposed Fairy Queen concerning Windsor Castle;

"Strew good luck, ouphs, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state [seat?] as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it."
The Merry Wives of Windsor, act v. sc. 5.

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Is another of the plays by Shakespeare mentioned in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c., 1598 (see the Memoir of Shakespeare). At that date it may have been some years on the stage; and Malone not improbably supposes it to be "*The Venesyon comodey*" which Henslowe (*Diary*, p. 40, ed. Shakespeare Soc.) records as having been originally acted August 25th, 1594. It was twice entered in the Stationers' Registers:

"22 July, 1598, James Robertes] A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes, or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen."

"28 Oct., 1600, Tho. Haies] The booke of the Merchant of Venyce;"—and two quarto editions of it were published in 1600, the one by Roberts, the other by Heyes.—"It appears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, &c., 1579, that a play, comprehending the distinct plots of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. '*The Jew* . . . . showne at the Bull . . . representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers and bloody mindes of usurers.' . . . . It is therefore not improbable that Shakespeare new-wrote his piece on the model already mentioned [*The Jew*], and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop silently into oblivion." STEEVENS.—"Upon the whole, I am rather inclined to suspect that Shakespeare has followed some hitherto unknown novelist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one." TYRWHITT.—The remote originals of the two stories which compose the plot of *The Merchant of Venice* are in the Latin *Gesta Romanorum*, and in *Il Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino (the latter work written as early as 1378, though not printed till 1558:—the edition dated 1554 was in fact printed during the eighteenth century). Both stories occur in the *Gesta Romanorum*; that of the bond* in chap. xlviii., that of the caskets in chap. xcix., *Ms. Harl.* 2270 (to which Ms. Tyrwhitt refers "as the completest of any which he had yet seen"). The incident of the bond, and some circumstances connected with it resembling those in the play, are found in *Il Pecorone*, *Giornata* iv., *Novella* 1,—in which novel too, be it observed, the heroine is "donna del *Belmonte*."—The ballad entitled *A new Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jewe, who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him*

* In *A Selection of Latin Stories, from Manuscripts of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries*, Mr. Wright has given, p. 114, the tale "De milite conventionem faciente cum mercatore," from Ms. Harl. no. 2270, fol. 42 r°, compared with another copy in Ms. Harl. no. 5259; and he remarks, p. 241, "I have somewhere seen a separate copy of this story in Latin in a Ms., which, to the best of my recollection, was older than the compilation of the Gesta, in which the scene was laid in England and in Denmark, and in which the forfeit was a *pound* of flesh; but I have unfortunately lost all traces of the reference."

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at the time appointed. To the tune of Black and Yellow, n. d. (Percy's *Rel. of Anc. Eng. Poetry*, i. 224, ed. 1794), seems to have been founded on the tale in *Il Pecorone*,—if not on the Italian text, at least on a version of it,—

> "In Venice towne not long agoe
> A cruel Jew did dwell,
> Which lived all on usurie,
> *As Italian writers tell*," &c.;

and perhaps Percy is right in thinking that Shakespeare derived some hints from the ballad. (Ser Giovanni's novel, with a translation; "*The story of the choice of the Three Caskets*," from Robinson's translation of portions of the *Gesta Romanorum*, 1577; and also "*Declamation Ninety-five. Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian*," from Munday's translation of Silvayn's *Orator*, 1598; are given in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.

Prince of Morocco, } suitors to Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }

ANTONIO, a merchant.

BASSANIO, his kinsman and friend.

SOLANIO, }
SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
GRATIANO, }

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHAZAR, } servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,[1]
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in[2] maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,

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But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd[3] in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;[4]
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie![5]

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let's say you're sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you're merry,
'Cause you're not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

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Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Solanio.*

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you've found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine[6] a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I'm very sure,
If they should speak, 'twould[7] almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:

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But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,(8)
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

Ant. Is that any thing now?(9)

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
T' unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

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Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
The selfsame way with more advisèd watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,[10]
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful[11] youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renownèd suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;

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Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good-counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word "choose"! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will,

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no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then is there the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose:" he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a Death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these:—God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle[12] sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him: for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

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Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

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Enter a Servant.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Venice. A public place.*

Enter BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats

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and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,[13]—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats:—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior; [*To Antonio.*
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,

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Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd
How much we[14] would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well, then, your bond; and let me see,—but hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turnèd to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,

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Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly[15] outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve,—then, let me see, the rate—
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit[16] upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys:"—you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys"?
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend—for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?—
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,

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Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys,
And you'll not hear me: this is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing[17] teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,—
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

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Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock.*
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco *and his Train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her Attendants.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will,[18] to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renownèd prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,

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To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;[19]
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Venice. A street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "*Via!*" says the fiend; "away!"

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says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to,—he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who—God bless the mark!—is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*aside*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions[20] with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?—[*Aside*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

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Laun. Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But, I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?[21]

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman—according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning—is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [*aside*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop?—Do you not[22] know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy—God rest his soul!—alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing [*kneels, with his back to Gobbo*]: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long,—a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. [*Taking hold of Launcelot's back hair*] Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

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Laun. [*rising*] It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO *and other Followers.*

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the furthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy: wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he—saving your worship's reverence—are scarce cater-cousins,—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as

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your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee,—if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy son.—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery [*To his Followers.*
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in.—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well [*looking on his palm*], if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune!——Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives! alas, fifteen wives is nothing! aleven[23] widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man; and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed,—here are simple scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

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Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bass. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. Nay,[24] you must not deny me: I must go
With you to Belmont.
Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,—
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
T' allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstru'd[25] in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all th' observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.
Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.
Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* SHYLOCK'S *house.*

Enter JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I'm sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,

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Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;—
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu; tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave[26] and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.— [*Exit Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,—
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Solar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.[27]

Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper that[28] it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

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Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this [*gives money*]:—tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her;—speak it privately;
Go.—Gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Solan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt Salar. and Solan.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me: peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Before* SHYLOCK'S *house.*

Enter SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—what, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

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Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loth to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques?—Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears,—I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—(29)
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.(30) [*Exit.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

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Jes. His words were, "Farewell, mistress;" nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find,—
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.(31) [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

Enter GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made than they are wont
To keep obligèd faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoy'd.
How like a younker(32) or a prodigal
The scarfèd bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embracèd by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and raggèd sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:

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When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Come, approach;[33]
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,—
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I'm glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformèd to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

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Enter JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with Jessica and Salarino.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
Gra. I'm glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, *with the* Prince of Morocco, *and their Trains.*

Por. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.
Mor. The first, of gold, which[34] this inscription bears,—
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"
The second, silver, which this promise carries,—
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,—
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."—
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey th' inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give,—for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

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This casket threatens: men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves!—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
Th' Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stampèd in gold,—but that's insculp'd upon;

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But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He opens the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing. [*Reads.*

"All that glisters is not gold,—
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs[85] do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost!—
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his Train. Cornets.*

Por. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains, go.—
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

Solan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

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Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange-outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealèd bag, two sealèd bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels,—two stones, two rich and precious stones,[36]
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarrièd
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so,—
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:"
And even then,[37] his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Solan. I think he only loves the world for him.

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I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embracèd heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter NERISSA *with a* Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, *and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath t' observe three things:—
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire!—that many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,

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Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitude.(38)
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservèd dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,(39)
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall get(40) as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. T' offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposèd natures.

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] "The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;

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Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, sir;[41] you are sped."
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. [*Exit with his Train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle singe'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here: what would my lord?[42]

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou'lt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SOLANIO *and* SALARINO.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,——O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solan. Ha,—what sayest thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer,—for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Solan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

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Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish.—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Solan., Salar., and Servant.*

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Enter TUBAL.

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. —I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: why, then,[43] loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal:—good news, good news! ha, ha!—where?[44] in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it:—I'll plague him; I'll torture him:—I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

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Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear awhile.
There's something tells me—but it is not love—
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, th' other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to piece[45] the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

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Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and league
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforcèd do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life,(46) and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

[*Curtain drawn from before the caskets.*

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crownèd monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With blearèd visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—with much-much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

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Music, and the following Song, *whilst* BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnèd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice[47] so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crispèd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposèd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on

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T' entrap the wisest.[48] Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou stale and common drudge[49]
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;[50]
And here choose I:—joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,—
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?[51]
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar-breath:[52] so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd.[53] Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] "You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

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A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave; [*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; then happier in this,(54)
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in(55) that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,

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As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy:—good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I swet again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

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But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Solanio?(56)

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SOLANIO.

Bass. Lorenzo and Solanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Solan. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for 't. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Solan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate. [*Bass. reads the letter.*
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yond stranger; bid her welcome.—
Your hand, Solanio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Solan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must have(57) the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

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That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,—
The paper as[58] the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Solan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man;
He plies the duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

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Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit[59]
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description[60]
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassiano's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear-bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*reads*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO,[61] ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him:—tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I've sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke[62] can not deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

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To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt,—and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A room in* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an egal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;

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And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all th' endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua:(63) see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect,(64) to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplishèd
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,

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Like a fine-bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,—
I could not do withal;—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I've discontinu'd school
Above a twelvemonth:—I've within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not,—that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

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Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly(65) Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit.*

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Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.—How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,—
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not merit it,
In reason he should never come to heaven.(66)
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice.*

Enter the Duke, *the* Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SOLANIO, SALARINO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

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Duke. I'm sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdúrate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange-apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,—
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,—
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,(67)
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

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You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But say it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd! What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes.[68] Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a bollen bag-pipe,[69]—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that,—than which what's harder?—

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His Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer,—shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learnèd doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Solan. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

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Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeit[70] from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog![71]
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learnèd doctor to our court.—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart.—Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [*reads*] "Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant:

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we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informèd throughly of the cause.—
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not? [*To Antonio.*

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

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But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender 't for him in the court;
Yea, thrice the sum:[72] if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

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A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is:—
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance' here to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use

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To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery[73] doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a lover.[74]
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter,—
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!— [*Aside.*
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learnèd judge!—A sentence! come, prepare!

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood,—
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

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But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learnèd judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learnèd judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learnèd judge!

Shy. I take his offer, then;[75]—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft! no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learnèd judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound,—be 't but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

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Pro. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formally[75*] by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state,—not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:

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Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I 'm sorry that your leisure serves you not.—
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:

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Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,—
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy[76] for ever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.[77]

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away! make haste. [*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *disguised as before.*

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it: we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully;
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [*To Portia.*
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Pleasure-grounds of* PORTIA'S *house.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night

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Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
Jes. And[78] in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.

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I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola!—did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo?—sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man:—here.

Laun. Sola!—where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul,(79) let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter:—why should we go in?—
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. [*Exit Stephano.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines(80) of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins,—
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.(81)

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

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Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.—Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are

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To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd. [*Music ceases.*(82)

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all!—You're welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense(83) be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

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It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*to Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give to me; whose posy was[84]
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbèd boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame,—I must be plain with you,—
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted[85] with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too ûnkind cause of grief:[86]
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

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Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it,—it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?

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I was enforc'd to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessèd candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you're welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforcèd wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord

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Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbèd boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.(87)

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, when(88) the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chancèd on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

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There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starvèd people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I'm sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

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P. 345. (1) "*rich burghers of the flood,*"

The old eds. have "—— on *the flood.*"—Corrected by Steevens; who compares, in *As you like it*, "native *burghers of* this desolate city." (Douce defends "on," informing us that here the Venetians are alluded to!)

P. 345. (2) "*Peering in*"

"Qu. 'Poring on'?" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 346. (3) "*dock'd*"

The old eds. have "docks."

P. 346. (4) "*Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom thinks that something is wanting between this line and the next.

P. 346. (5) "*Fie, fie!*"

I have little doubt that Shakespeare wrote "In love! *fie, fie!*"

P. 347. (6) "*mine*"

Has been altered to "mine's,"—rightly perhaps.

P. 347. (7) "*'twould*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "would."

P. 348. (8) "*dumb wise men,*"

"Write," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 139), "*dumb-wise;* for *dumb wise men* would be pronounced *dumb wisemen.*"

P. 348. (9) "*Is that any thing now?*"

The old eds. have "It *is that any thing now:*"—an explanation of which inexplicable reading may be found in Mr. Collier's note *ad l.*—"'It' appears to me a mere blunder for '*I*,' i. e. *Ay!* an ironical interjection. As to the rest of this short speech, nothing can be more awkward than '*is that any thing*' for 'is there any thing in that?' and '*now*' is worse than superfluous. On the other hand, it may be said against Johnson's conjecture '*new*,' that it does not so exactly accord with Bassanio's phrase, 'an infinite deal of nothing.' It is, however, quite common for speakers to wrest the meaning of a preceding speech for the sake of a retort: when this happens in a written dialogue, it is only an imitation of nature; but it is a fault in the writer to prepare the way for a retort by previously introducing awkward phraseology." W. N. LETTSOM.

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P. 349. (10) "*and by adventuring both,*

Qu. "*and,* venturing *both*"?

P. 349. (11) "*wilful*"

Warburton would read "witless;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector "wasteful."

P. 351. (12) "*throstle*"

The old eds. have "trassell."

P. 354. (13) "*land-thieves and water-thieves,*"

The old eds. have "water *theeues, and* land *theeues.*"

P. 355. (14) "*we*"

So Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 53).—The old eds. have "you" and "he."

P. 356. (15) "*goodly*"

Perhaps repeated by mistake from the preceding line.—Hanmer, and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 303) read "godly."

P. 356. (16) "*spit*"

Here the old eds. have "spet:" but to follow them (as several recent editors do) is only to introduce inconsistency of spelling into a modern edition; for the folio has "*spit*" in *Measure for Measure,* act ii. sc. 1; *As you like it,* act iii. sc. 2, act iv. sc. 1; *Taming of the Shrew,* act iii. sc. 1; *Winter's Tale,* act iv. sc. 2, &c. &c.

P. 357. (17) "*dealing*"

The old eds. have "dealings."

P. 358. (18) "*will,*"

The old eds. have "wit" (which early transcribers and printers frequently confound with "*wil*").—Steevens did not displace the original reading because "wit" formerly signified "sagacity or power of mind."—Compare "*the will of a dead father,*" p. 350; "perform *your father's will,*" p. 352; "*my father's will,*" ibid.

P. 359. (19) "*page;*"

The old eds. have "rage."

P. 360. (20) "*confusions*"

So Heyes's quarto and the folio.—Mr. Knight, adopting the reading of Roberts's quarto, "conclusions," observes that "to try *confusions* is not very intelligible,"—a remark which shows that, like the printer of that quarto, he did not perceive the joke intended here.

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P. 361. (21)

"Laun. *But, I pray you,* ergo, *old man,* ergo, *I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?*"

"This sentence is usually put *interrogatively,* contrary to the punctuation of all the old copies, which is not to be so utterly despised as the modern editors would pretend." So says Mr. Knight,—forgetting that this is a repetition of Launcelot's preceding *interrogation,* "Talk you of young Master Launcelot?" (A subsequent speech of Launcelot is pointed thus in the old copies; "Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop: do you know me father.",—and yet Mr. Knight does not point *it* so.)—1863. To my great surprise, I find Mr. Grant White maintaining that "this is imperative, not interrogative."

P. 361. (22) "*not*"

Omitted in the old eds., but absolutely necessary: and compare Launcelot's next speech.

P. 363. (23) "*aleven*"

A vulgarism (and archaism) for "eleven,"—formerly not uncommon.

P. 364. (24) "*Nay,*"

An addition made by Hanmer (and adopted by Capell),—this speech having been beyond all doubt originally verse.

P. 364. (25) "*misconstru'd*"

Here the old eds. have "misconsterd:" and in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare,* p. 54, I rather rashly expressed an opinion that no change should be made where that form of the word occurred. I now see that an editor ought, as far as he can, to preserve uniformity of spelling.—In *Julius Cæsar,* act v. sc. 3, the folio has "Alas, thou hast *misconstrued* euery thing;" and again, in the *First Part of Henry IV.* act v. sc. 2, "So much *misconstrued* in his wantonnesse."

P. 365. (26) "*if a Christian did not play the knave,*"

Both the quartos and the folio have "—— doe *not play,*" &c.,—a mistake corrected in the second folio.

P. 365. (27) "*We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.*"

Is explained to mean "We have not yet bespoke us torch-bearers."—"Until this can be shown to be English, I would read, with Pope [with folio 1685], 'We have not spoke *as* yet,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 53.

P. 365. (28) "*that*"

Without this addition, which is Hanmer's, the accent (as Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes) would be placed wrong in the line.

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P. 367. (29) "*I will go before, sir.*—"

Hanmer prints "Sir, *I will go before;*" and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 54) conjectures "I'll *go before* you, *sir.*"

P. 367. (30) "*a Jewess' eye.*"

Here the old eds. have the spelling "*Jewes;*" which is retained by Mr. Grant White, who finds fault with the editors for printing "*Jewess,*"—"none of them," he says, "having observed, or all having forgotten, that 'Jewess' is quite a modern word, 'Jew' having been applied of old to Hebrews of both sexes." Not "quite a modern word," surely: "Felix came with his wife Drusilla, which was a *Jewess.*" *Acts* xxiv. 24 (the Bible of 1611 having there the spelling "*Jewess,*"—the Bible of 1629 the spelling "*Jewesse*").

P. 368. (31) "*Fast bind, fast find,—*
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

Concerning this sort of couplet see last note on sc. 2 of act ii. of *Measure for Measure.*

P. 368. (32) "*younker*"

The old eds. have "younger."

P. 369. (33) "*then.—Come, approach;*"

The "*Come*" is a modern addition.—Ritson would read "Come then, *approach.*"

P. 370. (34) "*which*"

The old eds. have "who,"—an error plainly occasioned by the "Who's" which follow: and compare the third line of the speech.

P. 372. (35) "*tombs*"

So Johnson (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The old eds. have "timber."

P. 373. (36) "*And jewels,—two stones, two rich and precious stones,*"

Some of the editors omit the second "*two.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*And jewels,* too,—*two rich and precious stones.*"

P. 373. (37) "*then,*"

The old eds. have "there" (repeated by mistake from the preceding line).

P. 375. (38) "*multitude.*"

The old eds. have "multitudes." But compare the 7th line before.

P. 375. (39) "*for this,*"

Hanmer, Ritson, and Steevens were, I believe, right in regarding these words as an interpolation.

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P. 375. (40) "*get*"

The old eds., by a mistake of the scribe or printer, read "haue:" see this line twice above in the present page, and pp. 370, 371.

P. 376. (41) "*sir ;*"

Added in the second folio. ("Unnecessarily," says Boswell.—"The editor of that copy not understanding the metrical system followed by the author," says Mr. Halliwell.)

P. 376. (42) "Serv. *Where is my lady?*
Por. *Here: what would my lord?*"

This reply of Portia (which led Mr. Collier to suppose that she must be speaking *to a person of rank*) is nothing more than a sportive rejoinder to the abrupt exclamation of the Servant (called "*Messenger*" in the old eds.). For various similar passages I refer the reader to my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 55, and my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 64.

P. 379. (43) "*then,*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "thou."

P. 379. (44) "*where?*"

The old eds. have "here."

P. 380. (45) "*piece*"

The old eds. have "peize."

P. 381. (46) "*There may as well be amity and league*
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
. . . . . .
Promise me life,"

The old eds. have "—— *amity and* life."—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 295).

P. 382. (47) "*vice*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "voice."

P. 383. (48) "*Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore*
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest."

"Here," says Steevens, "'*guilèd shore*' means 'treacherous shore.' Shakespeare, in this instance as in many others, confounds the participles. '*Guiled*' stands for '*guiling*'."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 291) "suspects '*guiled*,'" though he compares

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"To me came Tarquin armèd; so *beguil'd*
With outward honesty," &c. Shakespeare's *Lucrece.*

and

"Rais'd for their *double-guil'd* deserts,
Before integrity and parts."
Butler's *Satire on the Weakness and Misery of Man.*

—Since the first edition of the present work appeared, I met with the following passage in Jasper Heywood's translation of Seneca's *Hercules Furens* (Chorus at the end of Act i.),

"He leaning ouer hollow rocke doth lye,
And either his *begiled hookes* doth bayte," &c.;

which passage I thought would illustrate and support the expression "*guiled shore*," till, on turning to the Latin original, I found that I was altogether mistaken:—the words of Seneca are,

"Aut *deceptos* instruit *hamos*,"

and doubtless mean, as Farnaby explains them, "Esca reparat hamos, priori a piscibus erepta."—In the second folio "*guiled shore*" is altered to "guilded (i. e. gilded) *shore*;" which Rowe and some others adopted. Mr. W. N. Lettsom, too (note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. ubi supra), "has little doubt that the poet was thinking of Raleigh's 'Discovery of Guiana,' and wrote '*guilded*'."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes the following change in the punctuation;

"Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian: beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest;"—

a change which is also found in an edition of Shakespeare published by Scott and Webster in 1830. But it may be dismissed at once as erroneous, because it utterly subverts the whole construction of the passage; and, as Mr. Grant White observes, "*ornament*, not *beauty*, is the subject of Bassanio's reflection."—The word "*beauty*," in which the difficulty lies, is evidently a misprint caught from the preceding "*beauteous*."—Hanmer printed "*an Indian* dowdy;" and Walker (*ubi supra*) conjectures "*an Indian* gipsy."

P. 383. (49) "*thou stale and common drudge*"

Farmer's emendation.—The old eds. have "*thou* pale *and*," &c. (The words "*stale*" and "*pale*" are frequently confounded by early transcribers and printers.)

P. 383. (50) "*Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;*"

Warburton reads "*Thy* plainness *moves me*," &c.

P. 383. (51) "*For fear I surfeit!*
Bass. *What find I here?*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "*For fear I surfeit* on't!"—Capell printed "Ha! *what find I here?*"

P. 383. (52) "*sugar-breath:*"

Qy. "sugar'd breath" (with Hanmer)?

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P. 383. (53) "*And leave itself unfurnish'd.*"

i. e. and leave itself unprovided with a companion or fellow. That such is the meaning of "*unfurnish'd*" in the present passage Hanmer saw long ago; and Mason supports it by quoting from Fletcher's *Lovers' Progress*,

> "You are a noble gentleman.
> Will't please you bring a friend? we are two of us,
> And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd*." Act ii. sc. 1.

—Walker, however, would read, as some others have done, "*And leave itself* unfinish'd." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 55.

P. 384. (54) "*then happier in this*,"

The old eds. have "*happier then this.*"

P. 384. (55) "*in*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "is."

P. 386. (56) "*What, and my old Venetian friend Solanio?*"

Here, and throughout the scene, the old eds. have "Salerio;" for which Rowe substituted "Salanio;" and the latter name kept its place in the text till Steevens restored "Salerio;" which was once more displaced for "Solanio" by Mr. Knight; with whom I agree in regarding "Salerio" as a decided error,—and in thinking it altogether unlikely that Shakespeare would, without necessity and in violation of dramatic propriety, introduce a new character, "Salerio," in addition to Solanio and Salarino. (Be it observed that in the old copies there is much confusion with respect to these names; we find *Salanio*, *Solanio*, *Salino*, *Salarino*, *Slarino*.) "In the first scene of this act,"—I quote the words of Mr. Knight,—"the servant of Antonio thus addresses Solanio and Salarino: 'Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.' To the unfortunate Antonio, then, these friends repair. What can be more natural than that, after the conference, the one should be dispatched to Bassanio, and the other remain with him whose 'creditors grow cruel'? We accordingly find, in the third scene of this act, that one of them accompanies Antonio when he is in custody of the gaoler." The name of the friend who remains at Venice is rightly given in Roberts's quarto (see note 61) "*Salarino*,"—a name which, it is hardly necessary to add, will not suit the metre in the present scene.

P. 386. (57) "*And I must have*"

The old eds. have "*And I must* freely *have.*"—Some of the earlier editors rightly omit "freely" (which, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes to me, seems to have crept in here from the fifth line below).

P. 387. (58) "*as*"

Has been altered to "is." But I prefer the old reading.

P. 388. (59) "*The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit*"

"'*Unwearied*,'" says Mr. Hunter, "should evidently be 'unwearied'st,'"—

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which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives. But "this usage, whereby the *latter* of two superlatives copulated with *and* is changed into a positive, is frequent in Shakespeare and his contemporaries." See Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 221.

P. 388. (60) "*a friend of this description*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 224) suspects that "*this*" should be "his."

P. 389. (61) "SALARINO,"

So Roberts's quarto (and rightly, see note 56).—Heyes's quarto has "Salerio;" the folio "Solanio."

P. 389. (62) "*The duke,*" &c.

The proper punctuation of this passage is very doubtful.

P. 391. (63) "*Padua:*"

The old eds. have "Mantua."

P. 391. (64) "*tranect,*"

This word is supposed to be derived from the Italian *tranare*,—the passage-boat on the Brenta, at about five miles from Venice, being *drawn* out of the river, and lifted over a dam or sluice by a crane.—But Rowe substituted "traject" (from the Italian *tragetto*, a ferry), which is perhaps the right reading.

P. 393. (65) "*Goodly*"

Qy. "Good"?

P. 394. (66) "*And if on earth he do not merit it,*
In reason he should never come to heaven."

So Pope; and so Walker, except that he reads "'Tis *reason*," &c. *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 110. (He evidently did not know that Pope had anticipated him in reading "*merit it.*")—Roberts's quarto has

"*And if on earth he doe not* meane *it*, then
In reason," &c.

Heyes's quarto has

"*And if on earth he doe not* meane *it*, it
In reason," &c.;

and so the folio, except that it has "Is *reason*," &c.

P. 395. (67) "*loose the forfeiture,*"

i. e. release, remit the forfeiture. See Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 55.

P. 396. (68) "*And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,*
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,

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Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes."

The old eds. have

"*And others, when the bagpipe sings ith nose,*
Cannot containe their vrine for affection.
Masters [*Heyes's 4to* Maisters] *of passion* swayes *it to the moode*
Of what it likes or loathes."

I give here the reading and punctuation recommended by Thirlby, who (not Waldron, as Steevens supposes) also proposed "Mistress *of passion*," &c.—Concerning this passage see more in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 57.

P. 396. (69) "*a bollen bag-pipe,*—"

The old eds. have "*a* woollen *bag-pipe:*"—and, says Mr. Knight, "Douce *very properly* desires to adhere to the old reading, having the testimony of Dr. Leyden in his edition of 'The Complaynt of Scotland,' who informs us that the Lowland bag-pipe commonly had the bag or sack covered with *woollen cloth* of a green colour; a practice which, he adds, prevailed in the northern counties of England." But, in the first place, what writer ever used such an expression as *a woollen bag-pipe* in the sense of *a bag-pipe covered with woollen cloth?* (Might he not, with almost equal propriety, talk of *a woollen lute* or *a woollen fiddle?*) And, in the second place, can any thing be more evident than that Shylock *does not intend the most distant allusion to the material which either composed or covered the bag-pipe?* Steevens remarks; "As the aversion was not caused by the outward appearance of the bag-pipe, but merely by the sound arising from its inflation, I have placed the conjectural reading [of Sir John Hawkins], '*swollen*,' in the text." So also Mason; "There can be little doubt but '*swollen* bag-pipe' is the true reading. I consider it as one of those amendments which carry conviction the moment they are suggested: and it is to be observed, that it is not by the sight of the bag-pipe that the persons alluded to are affected, but by the sound, which can only be produced when the bag is swollen."—I adopt the Ms. Corrector's emendation, which has exactly the same meaning as Hawkins's; and, as Mr. Collier notices, the word occurs in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*,

"Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all *boll'n* and red."

(I have repeatedly met with old handwriting in which the initial *b* bore such resemblance to *w*, that a compositor might easily have mistaken it for the latter.)—1863. Dr. Ingleby declares that "it surpasses his ability to understand" how, in the face of Mason's remark above quoted, I can adopt the Ms. Corrector's "*bollen*,"—Dr. Ingleby himself preferring "wauling," or rather "waulin'"!! See *A Complete View of the Shakspere Controversy*, &c. p. 228.—Mr. Staunton (Addenda and Corrigenda to his *Shakespeare*) defends the old reading, "*a* woollen *bag-pipe*," by citing from Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, act iv. sc. 4,

"Walks she on *woollen feet?*"—

not considering that "woollen *bag-pipe*" (if right) means a bagpipe *actually covered with woollen cloth*, while "*woollen feet*" is *a purely metaphorical expression.*

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P. 398. (70) "*forfeit*"

The old eds. have "forfeiture."—"Read," says Ritson, "'*forfeit.*' It occurs repeatedly in the present scene for '*forfeiture*'." But the correction had been made long before Ritson's time.

P. 398. (71) "*inexorable dog!*"

So the third folio,—in which the misprint "inexecrable *dog*" was first corrected.

P. 400. (72) "*thrice the sum:*"

The old eds. have "twice *the summe.*" But a little after, Portia says, "Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offer'd thee;" and so too Shylock himself, at p. 403, "I take his offer, then;—pay the bond *thrice*," &c. (Malone's attempt to reconcile the inconsistency of the old eds. is very far from happy—"Bassanio had offered at first but *twice* the sum, but Portia goes further," &c.)

P. 402. (73) "*Of such a misery*"

The "*a*" was added in the second folio.—Mr. Swynfen Jervis proposes "*Of such*-like *misery;*" Mr. W. N. Lettsom (somewhat boldly), "And searching *misery.*"

P. 402. (74) "*Whether Bassanio had not once a lover.*"

The old eds. have "—— *once a* loue."—Compare, p. 390,

"this Antonio,
Being the bosom *lover* of my lord," &c.

"*lover*," i. e. friend.

P. 403. (75) "*I take his offer, then;—*"

The old eds. have "*I take* this *offer then*" (which Malone and Mason defend).

P. 404. (75*) "*formally*"

So Hanmer (Warburton).—The old eds. have "formorly" and "formerly."

P. 406. (76) "*enemy*"

Has been altered to "enmity."

P. 406. (77) "*Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.*"

Roberts's quarto has,

"*Be valew'd gainst your wiues* commandement."

Heyes's quarto,

"*Be valued gainst your wiues* commaundement."

The folio,

"*Be valued* against *your wiues* commandement."—

Here "*commandment*" is to be read as a quadrisyllable,—and so again in a line in *The First Part of King Henry VI.* act i. sc. 3, which the folio gives

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thus, "From him I haue expresse *commandement*," &c. (In all the other passages of Shakespeare where it occurs in his blank verse it is a trisyllable.) But the *spelling* of this word in the old copies goes for nothing: e. g. in *King John*, act iv. sc. 2, the folio has

"Haue I *commandement* on the pulse of life?"

though "commandement" is there a trisyllable. And I cannot understand why several of the modern editors should print "*commandement*" here and in the above-mentioned line of *Henry VI.*, while in a great number of other words, which, if the orthography is to be suited to the metre, require the addition of a syllable, they content themselves with the usual spelling; for instance, they print "*dazzled*," "*children*," "*England*," "*remembrance*," "*juggler*," "*handling*," "*enfeebled*," &c. &c.,—when, to be consistent, they ought to have printed "dazzeled," "childeren," "Engéland," "rememberance," "juggeler," "handeling," "enfeebeled," &c. &c.

P. 408. (78) "*And*"

This, as well as the "*And*" at the commencement of the next speech, is found in some copies of the second folio.—"Read (and so Pope), '*And* in such a night'," &c. Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 58.

P. 409. (79) "*Sweet soul*,"

In the old eds. these words form the conclusion of the preceding speech.

P. 409. (80) "*patines*"

Here Heyes's quarto and the folio have "pattens;" Roberts's quarto has "pattents."—Whether we spell the word "patines," "patens," or "patents," matters perhaps little: but we must consider the reading of the second folio "patterns" (which Mr. Collier adopts) as a mere misprint.—The poet means that the floor of heaven is thickly inlaid with plates or circular ornaments of gold. Compare Sylvester's *Du Bartas*;

"Th' Almighties finger fixed many a million
Of *golden scutchions* [the original has "*platines dorees*"] in that rich pavillion." *The Fourth Day of the First Week*, p. 33, ed. 1641.

"That sumptuous canapy,
The which th' un-niggard hand of Majesty
Poudred so *thick with shields* [the original has "*escussons*"] so shining cleer," &c. *Id.* p. 34.—

1863. Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes, "'*Patterns*,' the reading of the second folio, seems to me rather a sophistication than a misprint."

P. 409. (81) "*Such harmony is in immortal souls;*
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

So Heyes's quarto.—Roberts's quarto and the folio have "*Doth grossly close* in it," &c.—In the words, "*close it in*," we must understand "*it*" as referring to the soul: but some of the earlier editors printed "*close* us *in*."

("Our walls of flesh, that *close our soules*, God knew too weak, and gaue
A further guard," &c.
Warner's *Albions England*, book x. ch. lix. p. 258, ed. 1596.)

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P. 411. (82) "*Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,*
And would not be awak'd. [Music ceases."

The old eds. have "*Peace,* how *the moone,*" &c.—I adopt Malone's alteration; and since one critic has been pleased to say that "there is not a more inexcusable defeat committed on the text of Shakespeare by any editor than is done by Mr. Malone in this exquisite passage," I am forced, at the risk of being tedious, to state fully the grounds of my conviction that Malone's is the true reading.—I. Shakespeare would hardly have employed such a phrase as "how *the moon sleeps with Endymion,*" &c.;—he would have interposed some adverb (or adverbial adjective) between "how" and "*the moon,*" &c.: so previously in this scene (p. 409) we have

"How *sweet* the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

II. "*Ho,*" as I have already observed, was often written with the spelling "How,"—see p. 253, note 133, of this volume; and I may add, that previously in the present play, p. 369, where Lorenzo calls out, "Ho! *who's within?*" Heyes's quarto has "Howe *whose within?*" (In like manner examples are not wanting of "Low" being put for "*Lo;*" as in Hubert's *Edward the Second,* p. 32, ed. 1629,

"*Low* now (quoth he) I haue my hearts desire.")

III. That Portia is enjoining the musicians to be silent, is proved by the stage-direction of the old eds., "*Music ceases.*" So in *Julius Cæsar* Casca *silences the music* with,

"*Peace, ho!* Cæsar speaks." Act i. sc. 2.

and we have the same expression in other of our author's plays;

"*Peace, ho!* I bar confusion," &c.
As you like it, act v. sc. 4.

"*Peace, ho,* for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions." *Romeo and Juliet,* act iv. sc. 5.

IV. It is quite natural that immediately after the command "*Peace, ho!*" we should have the reason for that command, viz. "*the moon sleeps with Endymion,*" &c.: while, on the contrary, there is (as Malone saw) an "oddness" in "*Peace?*" being followed by a mere exclamation, "how *the moon sleeps,*" &c.

"Malone," says Mr. Knight, "substituted *Peace, ho! the moon,* thinking that Portia uses the words as commanding the music to cease. This would be a singularly unladylike act of Portia, in reality as well as in expression." But, for my own part, I see no impropriety in a lady ordering *her own musicians, in her own domain,* to leave off playing; and as to the "expression,"—Mr. Knight seems to have forgotten both that in the next page we have "*ho*" from the mouth of Portia,—"A quarrel, *ho,* already!" and that "*ho*" in our early writers does not necessarily convey the idea of bawling. It is really difficult to believe that Mr. Knight can be serious when he goes on to say that "Portia, having been talking somewhat loudly to Nerissa as she approached the house, *checks* HERSELF, as she comes close to it, with the interjection *Peace!*"—(If she speaks *piano,* how happens it that Lorenzo immediately exclaims,

"That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia"?)—

and that "the stage-direction, *Music ceases,* is a COINCIDENCE with Portia's *Peace!* but not a consequence of it:"—a *coincidence* more surprising than any upon record.

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Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, not knowing that "how" was the old spelling of "*ho*," substitutes "now *the moon*," &c.,—just as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act i. sc. 2, he wrongly alters "From Sicyon *how* the news?" to "From Sicyon *now* the news?"

P. 411. (83) "*sense*"

"Is '*sense*' in this passage singular or plural ['sense']?" Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 248.

P. 412. (84) "*That she did give to me; whose posy was*"

The old eds. omit "to;" which Steevens proposed to insert, comparing what presently follows, "I *gave* it *to* a youth;" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. —Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "*That she did give me*; one *whose posy was*." —Heyes's quarto has "*posie*;" Roberts's quarto and the folio "poesie."

P. 412. (85) "*And riveted*"

The old eds. have "*And* so *riueted*;" which Capell altered to "*And* riveted so:" but the "so" in this line was evidently repeated by mistake from the "so," just above it, in the preceding line but one.

P. 412. (86) "*You give your wife too únkind cause of grief:*"

Walker's correction (see his remarks on the interpolated *a*,—*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 87; where he compares *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4,

"To such a lowness but his *únkind* daughters").

The old eds. have "*You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe.*"

P. 415. (87) "*In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.*"

Mr. Grant White too hastily prints "*In lieu of* thee, *last night*," &c., asking "What meaning has 'in lieu of *this*' here?" The answer is—It means "in consideration of this (ring)." Compare, earlier in this play, p. 405, "*in lieu* [i. e. in consideration] *whereof*," &c.; and *The Tempest*, act i. sc. 2,

"Which was, that he, *in lieu o'* [i. e. in consideration of] the premises,—
Of homage," &c.

P. 415. (88) "*when*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "where."

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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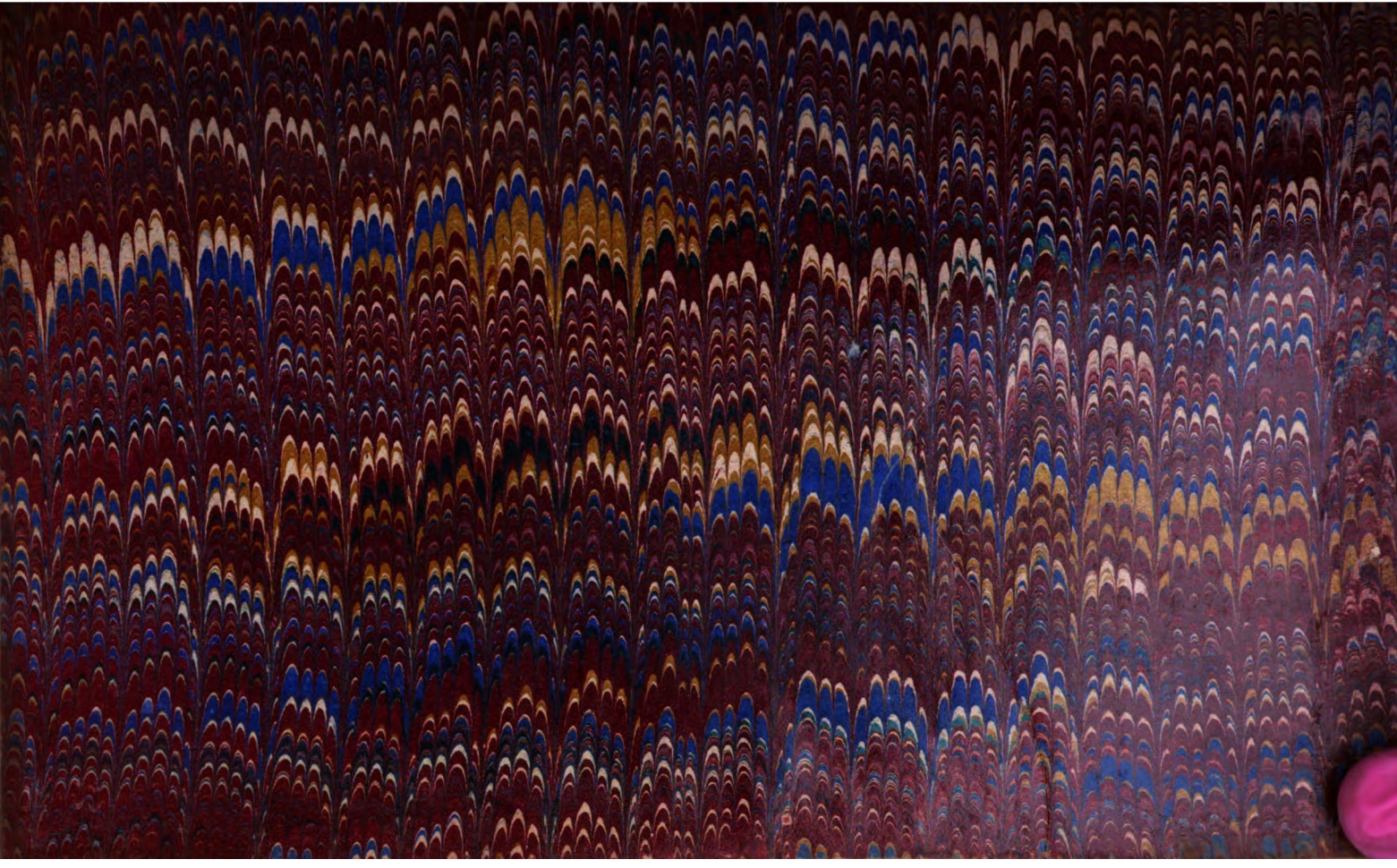

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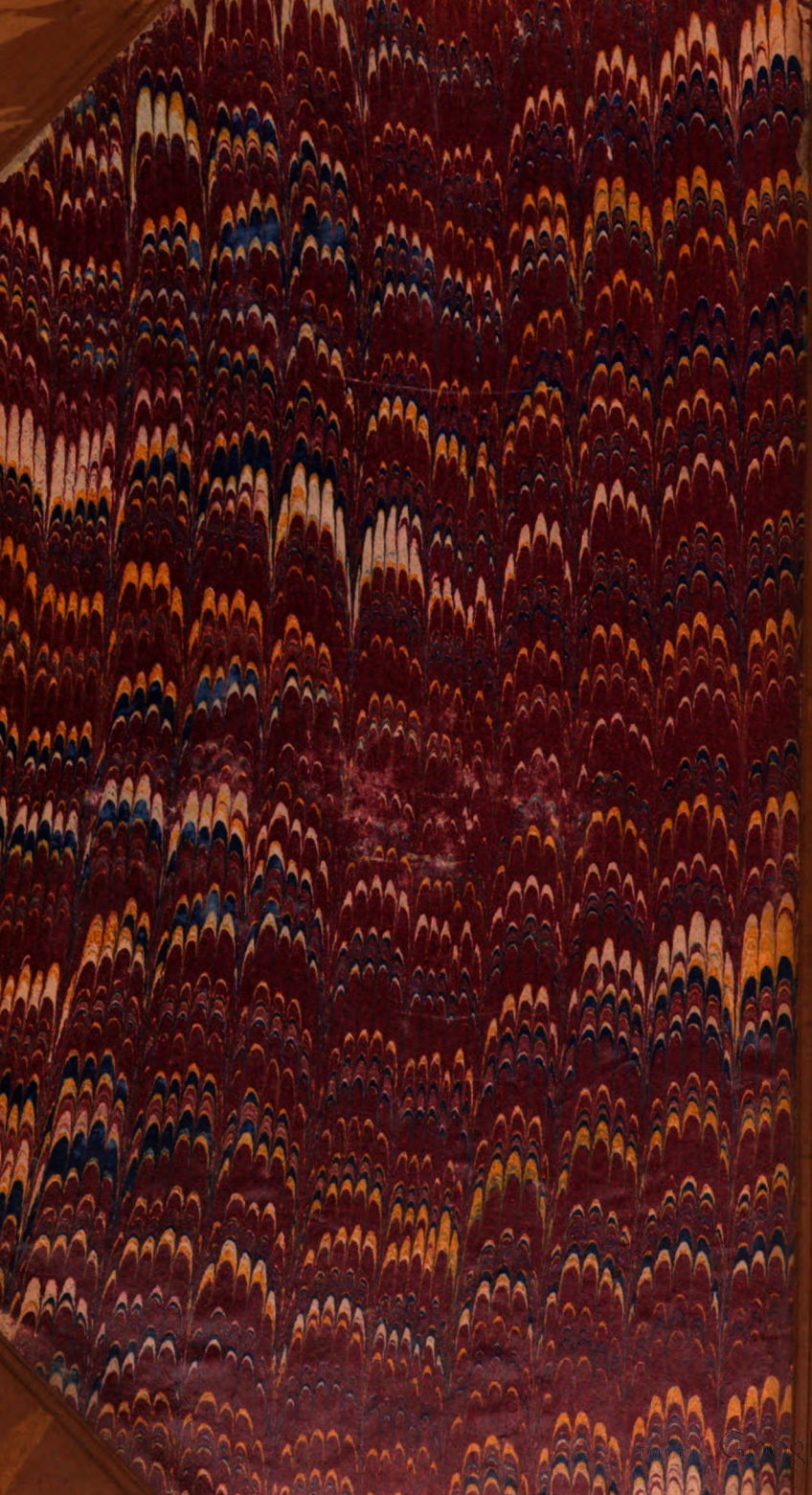
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